

The New Plot Against China *Philip Jaffe*

NEW MASSES

FIFTEEN CENTS

November 19, 1940

CRISIS IN LABOR

THE CAREER OF SIDNEY HILLMAN
by Bruce Minton

WHAT KIND OF LABOR UNITY?
by Adam Lapin

Washington: THE MORNING AFTER

*"The enemies of the people have
seized another world capital"*
by Julian Webb

What the Elections Mean

An Editorial

Between Ourselves

FORGIVE us if we get sentimental for a moment. We were about to make a formal announcement that the annual Writers and Artists Ball would be held at Webster Hall on December 7. We were going to tell you the price of admission (\$1 in advance, \$1.50 at the door) and the address of Webster Hall (119 E. 11th St., NYC). And then it occurred to us that editors of this magazine have been announcing this event year after year—for twenty-nine years. We began thumbing through the files to see how our predecessors went about their job. And we got a real kick.

Back in 1916 we announced that at the fourth annual Costume Dance "the artists and writers of the *Masses* will temporarily forget about the War in Yurrrup" and the finagling of John D. Rockefeller. The dance was held at Tammany Hall—"the saints preserve us," added the editors in a parenthesis. Ten years later we find an announcement that "Webster Hall will be the scene of a mad revel of gaiety—it will be all color and confusion—when the jazz band starts playing for the NM Workers and Peasants Ball." A month after the stock market crash in 1929, NM announced the gayest event of the season, "the one day in the year when all good rebels get together." And readers were urged to "Mingle with artists, plumbers, writers, steamfitters, poets, and sailors on the night of the year when New York boils over."

One year the boys waxed poetical:

"The chaps who paint
and sculp and write
or sing and play
and else indite
brave squeeds against
the status quo"

... They were all going to be there. And just a decade ago, NM asked readers to come in costumes representing a book of 1930 by an NM author—"and get autographed."

In keeping with tradition, the feature of this year's evening will be an original, satirical revue lampooning the liberals under the title of "Civilization As They Throw It." Music will be supplied by Frankie Newton and an enlarged orchestra. We'd like to see you at Webster Hall on December 7.

Another tradition of the magazine is being kept up by the NM Readers League, composed of supporters of NM. Purpose of this league is to bring about closer relations between readers and the staff of the magazine. Through it the editors can gauge the reaction of readers,

and can obtain valuable suggestions for improvement. In addition, the League spreads good will for NM, extends readership through increased subscriptions and sales, and helps maintain the sustaining fund, lifeline of the magazine. This last is accomplished by sponsoring affairs, such as the annual art auction, frequent forums, house parties, and so on.

Plans for this year include appearance of NM editors once a month at Readers League Forums, where they will talk on domestic and foreign politics. These forums are free to League members. Members are also entitled to publishers' discounts on books and to a discount on all NM affairs. There is an application blank on page 26. Fill it out, mail it to the NM Readers League, 461 4th Ave., and we will send you a membership card and other data dealing with forthcoming activities.

We were up to the old Lincoln Theater in Harlem the other night for the Negro Playwrights Company's production of Theodore Ward's *Big White Fog*. It is an absorbing and significant play about the Negro people, and we recommend it to you as a must item on your theater list. (See Ralph Ellison's review in last week's NM.) After the play we stayed to meet and congratulate playwright Ward, director Powell Lindsey, Canada Lee, and other members of the cast. Meeting these young people you understand how this new theater came into being and you can't help being impressed with their confidence in their project and with the energy which they are exerting to keep it alive.

Censorship of news, film, radio, and books will be discussed by leading American writers, many of whom contribute to NM, at a symposium sponsored by the League of American Writers Friday evening, November 15, at 8:30, at the Malin Studios, 135 W. 44th St. Henry Hart will be the chairman. The speakers include George Seldes, William Blake, Benjamin Appel, and Dr. Robert K. Speer. Other writers will join the discussion from the audience.

The letters are still pouring in praising Mike Gold for his piece on John Reed in the October 22 issue. A high school boy writes to say that his father who never approved of his reading NM was so impressed with Gold's magnificent tribute that he increased his allowance to take care of a six months' subscription. "You will be interested to know," he also writes, "how I got to reading NM. During the So-

viet-Finnish war my teacher in history started blasting the Russians. Everyone in class seemed to agree except one girl whose parents emigrated to this country from Finland in the twenties. She told story after story of how her mother and father had been treated in the old country. Not all the kids were convinced. They quoted the stories in the newspapers. And even I clipped the *New York Times* every day to prove that she was dead wrong. The debate went on for almost three weeks. Finally someone got the bright idea that we examine both sides of the question by going to the library for material. I took the assignment and spent several evenings at it. I ran across NM in the magazine rack and found so many convincing arguments that I read many of your editorials in class. Ever since whenever a debate comes up in class I quote NM. Now I'm educating my father, who thinks I'm a little wacky anyway."

Who's Who

JULIAN WEBB is a free lance writer and research worker in the field of national affairs. . . . Adam Lapin is NM's Washington correspondent. . . . Philip Jaffe is an editor of

Amerasia. . . . James Morison is a free lance labor journalist. . . . Bernard Knox is a graduate of Cambridge University who went to Spain in 1936. He was a member of the Eleventh (International) Brigade, and was elected political delegate of the English section (machine guns), Fourth Company, Second Battalion. . . . Alexander F. Bergman is a young poet and critic whose work has often appeared in NM.

Flashbacks

MEMO to the Aid to Britain boys: Britain, that staunch enemy of fascism and resolute defender of democracy, recognized the Italian empire's claim to Ethiopia and put the Anglo-Italian pact into effect November 16, just two years ago. . . . Theodore Dreiser, who is currently exposing the imperialist nature of the present war, was indicted on criminal syndicalism charges Nov. 16, 1931, when he, with other writers, investigated terrorism in Harlan County, Ky. Commenting on the Harlan miners' role, Dreiser said, "This was a very remarkable struggle of the American worker against the usual combination of power and wealth in America which for so long has held him in subjection."

This Week

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It's Happening in Washington

The brass-hats have captured our capital, Julian Webb writes. "Washington has fallen under a peculiar kind of martial law." What happened to the New Deal.

Washington.

HERE in the capital, as election week has come and gone, the carpenters are still busy hammering together new space for the War Department, and excavators are getting ready to dig the foundation for a new skyscraper Statler Hotel "to accommodate the many business men who are coming to Washington in connection with the defense program." The streets are as crowded as always. Every bus that pulls into the downtown bus depot discharges a load of weary jobhunters. But every bus that leaves Washington takes away a similar load of the disillusioned who have learned that jobs are as non-existent in Washington as everywhere else. Still walking the streets are many of the unemployed left over from last year's purge of the WPA and other relief agencies.

At first glance the town looks pretty much as it always has since "Hoover-the-builder" lined Constitution Avenue with rows of monumental tombs stamped out of the pattern the architects call "modified Paramount-Publix." You still wait in line for coffee and doughnuts at the corner drugstore during the morning rush hour. The streets are still lined with diploma-mill colleges, chain-store dress shops, live poultry markets, and the swinging signs of horoscope and tea-leaf readers. The boys at the soda fountains acknowledge your order for a double coke with a Georgia drawl, and serve it with a dash of spirits of ammonia—Southern style. It is the scene that Leadbelly synthesized in his classic ballad: "Oh Washington Is a Bourgeois Town."

But a second glance tells another story. Faces on the street and in the trolleys appear drawn, taut with the war worry that you see in the newsreel shots of Europe. The used car lots are crowded to the sidewalk—"Haven't sold a damn thing since the draft," one salesman complains. The prices in the chain foodstores are 2 or 3 cents higher for almost every item. The \$20 men's suits in the windows along F Street have been marked up to \$27.50. "Can't help it," is the explanation you get from anxious-looking merchants. "The army is using up all the wool for blankets and uniforms."

Washington has always been what is called a "well-dressed town"—if you can ignore those who live in the sprawling near-slum areas behind the Capitol—and the instalment clothiers have prospered. They're not half so busy today, though, as the little naval and military tailor shops in the streets off Con-

necticut Avenue. The men who know how to manage just the right drape in an officer's swagger coat have plenty to do now after the lean years of peace. To them, war preparations and the draft mean promotions for their customers and lots of new uniforms. You can't expect an admiral to lounge in the officers' mess of the new battleships in a costume that isn't in keeping with the thousands of new silver finger bowls listed in recent defense orders, can you?

Sit in at one of those late afternoon cocktail sessions at the Willard or the Raleigh, or drop around to an old friend's house to spend the evening, and you soon find that there are just two ways not to be the life of the party. One of them is to mention the war preparations now going on in every Washington office, and the other is to mention the draft. Say a word about either and there's a general movement toward the door. Few question the widely held belief that the first troop transport is to sail for Europe in March or April, but few are willing to discuss it. Worry is almost universal, and bitterness against the war is growing from day to day. So far, however, the dark thoughts that you see reflected in people's faces are not being openly expressed. You'll hear instead forced conversation about football and *New Yorker* cartoons. To such people, and there are many of them, the war is becoming the great unmentionable. But fortunately there are signs that the ice is beginning to crack. John L. Lewis' pre-election speech at least dragged the war skeleton out of the closet even though his endorsement of Willkie contributed no clarification.

FEAR DEVELOPS

If Washington has worries, it also has fears. Most of those fears have become symbolized in the person of an unimpressive little man, the head of what was once a minor Department of Justice bureau, whose power has strangely grown to a point where his superiors seem to cringe before him and bow to his will. A brace of ghostwriters busy turning out the greatest volume of self-serving publicity ever to be franked from the capital have made John Edgar Hoover famous as the chief of a secret police system that might well have been patterned on the *Gestapo* of Heinrich Himmler, his Nazi counterpart. Washington shivers and looks under the table when you mention Hoover's name out loud.

It is no wonder that this is so, for Hoover's sleuths are everywhere. When they're off duty you see them in the lobbies of the second-rate hotels and the parlors of the second-rate boarding houses. You can tell some of them by their swagger, or by the ever-present copy of *Social Justice* in their waistcoat pockets, or by the same look of coarse, pouting brutality that characterizes Himmler's men. Washington is inclined to chuckle over Hoover's unceasing and apparently unsuccessful war on spies through the gossip columns of the Hearst press. One hears complaints that there are more foreign agents in Washington than there are G-men, yet all the spies caught and convicted during Hoover's twenty-year reign could be put in a clothes closet with room left over for a couple of suitcases of false beards.

TENSION APPARENT

Anywhere else and at any other time the *opera bouffe* antics of Hoover and his men (who look and talk like the actors of a bad G-man movie) could be dismissed with similar chuckles. But these are not normal times and the activities of J. Edgar's G-men are more sinister than amusing. As it is, Detective Hoover's fulminations against labor and everything progressive, whether they emanate from behind the high wall of his luxurious Chevy Chase mansion, or from Walter Winchell's private table at the Stork Club, are taken very seriously indeed. But it isn't Hoover's second-hand prose style or his baleful glances that informed people fear; it is the development, under Hoover, of a secret political police system with unbridled power and a fondness for investigating opinions rather than crimes. The FBI's offensive against progressives has slackened in recent months because of election needs, but nevertheless fear and suspicion have spread. It has got to the point where no one in Washington telephones unnecessarily (news items indicate that even the wires of Supreme Court Justices were tapped by someone); few like to dine out (they say that Washington restaurants are under surveillance); few dare to park their automobiles off the main streets (license numbers are noted down, and there is the danger that one might inadvertently park in front of a house occupied by somebody on the black list of the G-men). Dictographs, real or fancied, nestle behind every picture and under every desk. Mysterious men appear to repair telephones that are not out of order, and other men arrive to adjust light and gas meters that wer-

put in order just the week before. It is not hard to understand why Washington has the Hoover heebie-jeebies.

ALARMIST TALK

Those with long memories recall Hoover's infamous raids on unionists in the days when he was learning the technique of Red-baiting from such experts as A. Mitchell Palmer and William J. Burns. More recently they have seen the Wall Street crowd, the Hearst press, the officials of the American Legion, and erstwhile New Dealers egging him on to even greater adventures in oppression. The apparatus Hoover has created is ready and waiting for any use to which American fascism may put it. Already the *Chicago Calumet* (June 6, 1940) has called for a bloody purge, and set forth an immediate agenda:

The FBI and the United States Army would clean up this country in a hurry. Declaration of martial law would brush aside any claim of invasion of constitutional rights by those caught in the dragnet. . . . Blood will be spilled anyway before we put down our enemies of free government in America. It is time to strike while we still hold the upper hand. . . .

This is a little stronger than what Hoover is saying nowadays, but not much.

Worry over the draft and war preparations, and fear of the mushrooming power of the government police, are matched by the disillusionment which one finds everywhere in Washington. For a time the real purpose of the "defense" program and peacetime conscription was not widely understood. Sincere persons, taken in by the hysterical "invasion" speeches of administration leaders, actually believed that as a nation we were at Hitler's mercy, that we had no fleet, no airplanes, no army, no guns. Then, as it began to be realized that under Roosevelt both army and navy had for years been receiving the largest peacetime appropriations ever voted by Congress and that, instead of having no battleships, we had the most powerful navy in existence, there came the understanding that the New Deal's alarmist talk concealed abject capitulation to the warmakers. This realization was heightened as the corporation executives and war commissions began to arrive. Soon one department of the government after another was taking orders from the very Wall Street hirelings who had earlier been forced to confess their sins to the investigating committees headed by LaFollette, Black, Nye, and Wheeler.

To understand the depth of the bitterness and disillusionment engendered in Washington by the betrayals of 1940, it is necessary to remember that for years the capital had been welcoming a stream of the country's keenest minds, the highest ranking graduates of the professional schools, and the highest caliber of men ever to come to the public service. What young lawyer cared to prepare a brief for a Wall Street firm when, though he would be paid much less, he could act as attorney for a group of Kansas farmers that

was organizing a cooperative electrification project? What young writer wanted to pander for a *Saturday Evening Post* check when he could help to interpret the seeming miracle of the Farm Security Administration? What young economist wanted to find new trade empires for the Morgans to conquer when he could help the people obtain housing, collective bargaining, and socialized medicine? Government salaries were low, but the opportunity to help create a new America made salaries unimportant. It was the research, investigation, accounting, briefing, persuading, enforcing, typewriting, and telephoning of these men and women which translated the pieces of paper called laws into jobs for unjustly discharged workers, into clean apartments for slum dwellers, into new homesteads for dust-blown farmers.

But that was long ago—before the TVA had to be "justified" to the National Defense Advisory Commission as a "defense" need, before the Rural Electrification Administration and FSA appropriations were cut to the bone, before housing became important only because the army needed barracks for its conscripts, before Roosevelt sabotaged the NLRB, before the Department of Justice retreated from the wrath of the American Medical Association. Today those who came to Washington to carry out an ideal are in despair and confusion. They have been "sold down the river." Where once they were told to plant new liberties, they are now ordered to use the ax.

WORK UNDERMINED

The last thirteen months have seen the steady undermining of almost all the work of seven years. When Roosevelt's police clubbed the Emergency Peace Mobilization delegates on the Capitol steps—just as his predecessor routed the bonus marchers with gas and fire, when the Adolf Berle-Sumner Welles cabal in the State Department lent money to Franco almost before the fascist butcher marched into Madrid, and when the country's aliens were turned over to Hoover's police to fingerprint and blacklist—these were dramatic betrayals which even the press couldn't disguise. But only in Washington can one see the full extent to which the wrecking gang of big business has carried out its work.

A quick look into the buildings along Pennsylvania and Constitution Avenues tells the story. At the Department of Justice, where they once proposed to enforce the anti-trust

laws against monopolies, they are turning the anti-trust laws on labor and licking the feet of monopolies. They are frantically looking up laws under which to deport or prosecute members of minority political parties. A squad of lawyers is kept busy searching for legal precedents to justify presidential rule by decree without the nuisance of having to seek the approval of Congress.

At the WPA, people who once planned for the public welfare are handed the job of indexing supposedly confidential census records because, as the *New York Times* put it, "many industries, especially those making equipment for national defense, have asked questions about the background of their employees." WPA people who are good at slogans can win honors for designing posters to read "Don't talk! The enemy may be listening!" The army officers in charge look up from their racing forms or their football betting schedules only long enough to boast that more than 60 percent of all work projects now are tied up with war plans. The percentage is expected to be higher soon in keeping with the late Colonel Harrington's promise that "in general our program for the future involves a concentration upon activities of this type. . . ." The WPA's military expenditures have been mounting while approximately 500,000 WPA workers have been laid off, and while more than 1,000,000 certified as needing WPA jobs by local relief agencies remain (as in Cleveland, for example) on 6-cents-a-meal starvation diets.

At the Securities and Exchange Commission they have long abandoned their pretense of acting as a watchdog over the Lords of Creation. Jerome Frank, renegade liberal presently dominating the Commission, has recently announced that he is out to save capitalism by whatever means are necessary. According to *Time* of September 30, Frank declared during a Washington debate: "I think this [defense] program is going to conserve capitalism. I think . . . [the investment bankers] are going to get business out of it." Frank was seconded in this debate by Benjamin Battenwieser, a Kuhn Loeb & Co. partner and one of the investment bankers whose hands are outstretched for defense plums. Battenwieser said: ". . . The charge was made that the New Dealers are against capitalism, and that is completely unwarranted. If that is so, I don't know the definition of capitalism." The SEC legal staff, once charged with the job of tightening up regulation, is being sweated to find new ways to "liberalize restrictive rulings." No wonder the American Bankers Association was able to state enthusiastically in its publication, *Banking*: "Business is getting kinder treatment from the government."

The United States Housing Authority is initiating few new housing projects for slum dwellers, but is working overtime on "defense housing." A recent allotment by Administrator Straus gave six slum-clearance projects a meager \$3,500,000 while eight defense projects got \$13,500,000—four times as



John Atkin

much money and effort. At the Federal Works Agency, labor-hating Paul McNutt, Washington ambassador from Indiana's Ku Klux-American Legion political machine, has so entered the spirit of the war stampede that a deletion of nine words was ordered from the FWA slogan used at exhibits. It used to read: "Work is America's answer to the need of idle millions; work, not charity; peaceful work, not regimentation to build machines of war; useful public work to benefit us all." The censored words were these: "Peaceful work, not regimentation to build machines of war."

But probably the cause of disillusionment in Washington is best illustrated by what has been happening at the Wage and Hour Division. Ever since the enforcement of the Fair Labor Standards Act was handed over to Colonel Fleming of the army, the measure which was to place a "floor under wages and a ceiling over hours" has been working in reverse. Wholesale resignations have followed rulings such as that recently and enthusiastically reported in the *Journal of Commerce*: A claim for overtime pay made by Washington dredge workers was blocked by the convenient ruling that the workmen were "sailors" and therefore not entitled to the protection of the law!

Cong. Lawrence Connery of Massachusetts has charged that while complaints of law violations were increasing from 24,500 to 64,000, Fleming failed to add to his staff of investigators and actually turned back a sizable chunk of his appropriation to the Treasury. Almost daily Wage and Hour issues exemptions depriving additional thousands of workers of the protection of the Act. Connery recently declared:

The drive to exempt hundreds of thousands of workers who need the protection . . . those in the lowest wage levels, is given momentum every day. . . . I am firmly convinced that the first step toward a collapse would be in the break-down of the wage-and-hour standards which were established to protect those of our population who have been ill-fed, ill-clothed, and ill-housed because they have been greatly underpaid for long hours of work.

As is true at the NLRB (and there is a whole chapter of disillusionment by itself) the legal staff of Wage and Hour now finds its cases compromised or withdrawn on orders of the administration. This has not appeased big business, (The New York *Sun*, for example, declared: "Even modified enforcement may cause a hazardous delay in military preparations") but it has convinced the men who are resigning or being asked to resign because they tried to do the jobs they were hired to do, that the fight is over. The long secret talks the President has had with the heads of General Motors, US Steel, Standard Oil, General Electric, have borne their fruit. Using "defense" as an alibi the President and the corporation executives have (to quote the *Sun* again) "swept aside one of the most stanchly defended New Deal

reforms . . . [and] permitted the inauguration of a forty-eight hour week" in government factories.

There was much talk in the old days, too, about legislation to protect labor. The La-Follette committee, bucking heroic obstacles, laid bare an almost incredible story of anti-labor activity; then, with the acquiescence of the administration, the legislation resulting from the investigation was actually amended to make it a criminal offense for any employer not to engage in certain anti-labor practices. Instead of strengthening the National Labor Relations Act, this move opens the way for evasion of many of the Act's provisions, and permits the destruction of union organizations.

When the New Deal first came to power there was a good deal of talk about abandoning the traditional Republican policy of keeping military forces in the islands and countries to the south of us. One of Roosevelt's first acts was to order home the detachments of marines that Coolidge and Hoover had kept in Haiti and Nicaragua. Now that the mask is off, the old policy is resumed. For months our armed forces have been kept mobilized (though the newspapers have soft-pedalled the fact) near the Mexican border; in addition, the navy has now sent a destroyer fleet and bombing planes to the vicinity of French-owned Martinique. Reserve troops have been immunized to tropical diseases and tropical uniforms have been issued.

CONTRACTS TO MANUFACTURERS

After the Nye committee had produced documents to show that wars are run solely to profit big business, there was much talk about "taking the profits out of war." So far official Washington is ignoring the munitions investigation the way it has ignored the unfair labor practices investigation, and the defense program is being run in a manner to insure fat profits rather than to eliminate them. The secretaries of war and the navy, for example, need no longer advertise for contracts under closed bids; they may hand out contracts to whom they please at terms they care to arrange with friendly manufacturers. They may advance 30 percent of the contract price to manufacturers before a single stroke of work is done and may pay the balance due from time to time before delivery. The secretary of war and the President may order as many airplanes as they choose for the army, and Congress has given the secretary of war the privilege of spending 10 percent more than his appropriations if

he pleases. He has an extra \$103,000,000 to spend for airplanes at his discretion, while the President has a \$250,000,000 blank check to spend as he pleases. The war industries which helped pay Roosevelt's campaign expenditures in 1932 (as shown by the Nye committee) have reaped their reward in what promises to be the greatest bonanza in the history of finance capital.

Yes, Washington streets look much the same, and government offices are still staffed with some of those who, at personal sacrifices, came to use their skills and their labor on behalf of the people. The more courageous are attempting to carry on. They go on building unions, attending peace meetings, and civil liberties rallies. They go on attempting inconspicuously to perform their duties, knowing that sooner or later some snooping army officer may catch them in the act of trying to enforce a law and order them to stop and to report forthwith to the Department of Justice for examination as suspected fifth columnists. For Washington has fallen under a peculiar kind of martial law. It is a gloved fist enforcement of the will of Wall Street that the social gains of a decade must be wiped out.

Some observers saw these days coming from afar—as long ago as 1933 when Roosevelt attempted to domesticate fascism disguised as a system of NRA codes. A few normally keen observers still avert their eyes from the shambles and minimize the defeat. But almost everybody in Washington this November is worried, fearful, and disillusioned. Roosevelt has won a third term. And the enemies of the people have seized another world capital.

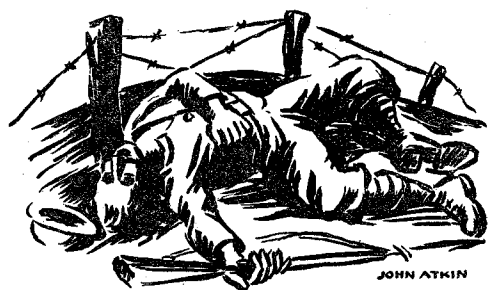
JULIAN WEBB.

Letting Them Have It

COMMANDER Edgar P. Young of the British Navy (Retired) corrects the London *New Statesman and Nation* through its "Correspondence" columns (October 12):

Sir: Your moving and constructive report of conditions in the East End resulting from enemy air attack is marred, I feel, by your ungenerous lack of recognition of the great services rendered by the *Daily Worker* and by the Communist Party in drawing public and official attention to those conditions—and even more, in organizing or inspiring direct action by the victims of those conditions to secure some measure of amelioration.

It may be that you assumed that all readers of *The New Statesman and Nation* were readers also of the *Daily Worker*—an assumption for which, unfortunately, there seems no foundation—but if that were so I feel certain that you would not have expected them to swallow your statement that "the Communist Party is much discredited." Cannot you have the decency to admit, whatever may be your views on Communist action in other connections, that in this matter the Communist Party were by a long way first in the field, that the policy which it has advocated from the first has been proved a sound one, and that without its initiative and drive matters would now be very much worse than they actually are?



John Atkin

Sidney Hillman Tailors the Khaki

The career of 1940's Samuel Gompers. His job today is to make the war palatable to the working class. "We'll make all the sacrifices necessary," he says. Sabotaging labor unity.

BACK in 1917, Sam Gompers, the old fox of labor, doffed his hat to Wall Street, whooped up the war for democracy, and generally did his utmost to hand organized labor over to Woodrow Wilson. Gompers was pretty good for his day (though through no fault of his own he didn't deliver as well as some expected), but now Gompers is gone. William Green does his darndest to carry on the noble tradition; yet he can hardly speak with the authority of his predecessor, and certainly he can't marshal more than a few rather lonely henchmen to serve the present master of the White House.

Still, a labor leader is desperately needed to play spieler outside the imperialist tent. Have no fears: the job will not go begging. There appears, eagerly offering his by no means inconsiderable ability, that fearless compromiser, Sidney Hillman, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. Once he was called "Bolshevik" (without the slightest justice, to be sure). He knows how to strike the pose of a sane radical in search of democracy and justice; and he is willing to sanction war in defense of these virtues whenever his patron, Franklin D. Roosevelt, speaks the word. With hard work and a willing disposition, smart little Sidney Hillman has made the grade. He has many titles, but perhaps we should think of him here by the title that he will undoubtedly be given when the history of our times is written in the not too distant future: "Procureur for the Imperialist War, Labor Division."

It is still too soon to judge how well Mr. Hillman will perform his difficult and responsible duties. Already, however, it is fair to say that he has put his whole heart into the task. He is no shirker. He realizes that every imperialist war must be made palatable to those who will die in it. Messrs. Morrison, Bevin, and Citrine are doing their bit in England. Messrs. Blum and Jouhaux did their best in France. For his part, Sidney Hillman, Social Democrat who follows the time-battered rules of the game, tries to live up to their example. With the help of the "liberal" lieutenants who strain themselves in the *Nation* and *New Republic* to provide the "ideology," Hillman hopes to split the labor movement, to hogtie what section he can control. It is a most responsible undertaking.

EARLY DAYS

As a boy, Sidney Hillman studied for the rabbinate. His parents sent him from Zagare, Lithuania, where he was born in 1887, to Kovno, Russia. But Sidney did not take to the Yeshiva; at sixteen he ran away, dabbling momentarily in the rising revolutionary

movement of 1905. When the czarist police laid down a dragnet, they caught him; in consequence, he spent six months in the Dvinsk jail. Once released, he took stock: he saw little opportunity in Russia, little future for a poor Jewish boy. So Sidney migrated via England to Chicago. For a little more than a year he worked as a stock clerk for Sears, Roebuck & Co.; for half a year he was unemployed; and finally he became an apprentice cutter for Hart, Schaffner & Marx, the leading men's clothing manufacturers.

The first great strike of men's clothing workers occurred almost as Hillman joined the industry. Sixteen girls walked out of a Chicago pants shop in protest against a cut in their already miserable pay. They sought aid from the United Garment Workers, the only union in the industry, but the appeal was received with indifference. The strike spread, nevertheless. In the end, Hart, Schaffner & Marx signed an agreement to set up an arbitration committee of three, composed of one arbiter selected by the workers, one by the employers, with the third chosen by the two already appointed.

Hillman was impressed by this scheme of permanent arbitration. He had played a small part in the strike, but with victory, he took an active role in the organization of the union. In 1914, he was sent to New York to aid the cloakmakers who were trying to gain better conditions. Immediately thereafter, he attended the convention of the United Garment Workers at Nashville, Tenn. Here the elders of the union, vastly disturbed by the militancy of the rank and file, decided to play safe by disfranchising the younger and more progressive delegates. A great bloc of militants was refused seats at the convention. Thereupon, the ousted delegates gathered in a rump convention, outlined plans for a new union to be known as the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, and elected young Sidney Hillman as president.

Within a year, the Amalgamated called a strike of 25,000 workers in Chicago. The action failed, but it laid the base for a campaign of organization resulting in the successful strike of 1919 which consolidated the ACW nationally. The Amalgamated had succeeded in obtaining major concessions for its membership: it established the forty-four hour week, and raised wages considerably throughout the industry.

The ACW, elated with victory, was a vigorous, militant, class-conscious organization, advocate of industrial unionism which Gompers and his followers abhorred. While unable to join the AFL because of opposition from the United Garment Workers, the Amalgamated nevertheless participated in the

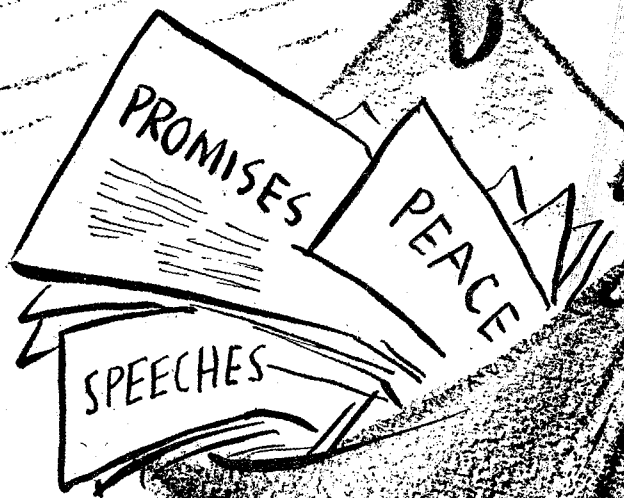
union movement, donating \$100,000 to the AFL steel workers during the great 1919 strike. A few years later, the ACW subscribed \$167,000 for food and clothing to be distributed by the Russian Red Cross. It called for recognition of the Soviet Union, endorsed Eugene V. Debs for President, and favored labor's independent political action. It launched an ambitious educational program, developed a plan to give workers in the industry unemployment insurance, built cooperative apartment houses, set up sick benefits for the membership. Progressive policies succeeded: three-quarters of the men's clothing workers joined the union.

"SANE" PROGRESSIVE

Throughout this period, Sidney Hillman swam with the tide. He alluded to his "revolutionary" past frequently enough to impress his fellows, and he hinted that capitalism must be replaced by an ordered socialism. But for all his daring phrases, he considered himself a "sane" progressive, dedicated to restraining hotheads, able to make and keep friends among the employers. He was partial to the continuous arbitration plan which had settled the 1910 Chicago strike; he foresaw an era of good relations between clothing workers and their employers, when cooperation would replace strife, and Sidney Hillman would be looked upon as a labor statesman. With the union lulled by success into a false feeling of security and perpetual prosperity, Hillman discovered that a certain section of the membership would listen to his counsel of caution and respectability. Socialism was increasingly reserved for evening debates that did not affect policy. The president of the Amalgamated began to point out that perhaps it would be better for the union to collaborate more closely with the employers. In the twenties, he talked a brand of economics not so different from the "business unionism" of the Gompersites: the Amalgamated, said Hillman, was duty bound to assist big business in reorganizing the clothing industry scientifically. "Labor must act as a unit in each given industry," he declared, "and, in the process, learn to look upon industry as a matter of vital concern. . . . Labor must become industry conscious."

Social Democracy was again coming into its own. Sidney Hillman turned his attention to improving shop efficiency which meant greater profits for the manufacturers while wages failed to keep pace. The rank and file grew uneasy, restive. Quiet, square-chinned Hillman resented opposition, denouncing it in ever sharper terms, making much of the fact that those who questioned his policies were often left wingers. The Amalgamated lost membership. Hillman's gesticulating an-

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noyance changed to bitterness. He would no longer tolerate criticism—he didn't have to, with the employers praising him for his sanity and breadth of outlook. "He has never made demands on an industry that it could not meet economically," they said, "and he has been known to make concessions where the realities of the situation proved irresistible." The "realities," however, looked different if you happened to be a worker. The Amalgamated continued to lose membership.

As he gained respectability, Sidney Hillman saw new horizons ahead. He would show big business that the Amalgamated could play their game too. The Amalgamated set up banks in Chicago and New York City, "to advance the class struggle." The banks lent money to the employers out of their combined resources of \$20,000,000. Once a loan was made, the union naturally was loath to tamper with the stability of a large creditor, because interference might mean the employer would not repay his debt to the Amalgamated Bank. Should the union take strike action against a creditor because he cut wages and speeded up workers (with the help of Amalgamated efficiency experts)? Obviously, if the employer made no profit, the bank loan was endangered. By 1930, Sidney Hillman had changed the militant, class-conscious Amalgamated into a financial adjunct of the manufacturers, a labor relations bureau for the industry.

WORKERS DROPPED OUT

Increasingly, workers dropped out of the union. The left wing rebuked Hillman, demanded a return to the principles on which the Amalgamated had been founded. Organized opposition appeared. But Hillman was equal to it. He lost no time finding men of "stern nature" who would "know how to deal with the lefts." The corrupt racketeers, discarded in the days of battle, were invited back into the Amalgamated. In 1921, Hillman had made an impassioned statement at a meeting in Manhattan Lyceum: "H. Cohen can never come back into the Amalgamated without stepping over my dead body." Within a few years, he made peace with the gangster, H. Cohen, brought him into the union along with his strong-arm thugs. He appointed Abraham Beckerman, who had excellent relations with the underworld and who was also adept at making deals with the police, as manager of the New York Joint Board—without holding an election to confirm the appointment.

The counter-attack was a howling success. Hillman cleaned out the Reds at a cost of over \$250,000 and the loss of another great section of membership. As a result, the inert, failing Amalgamated could no longer stand up to the employers. Not surprisingly, "cooperation" which Hillman valued so highly, seemed less important to owners who had welcomed such a course when the union was strong. The trade press reported that "exchange spokesmen suggest that whereas the union formerly had the sympathy of those

manufacturers who desired to see uniform costs established, the sentiment is now more strongly in opposition to an increase because of recent developments."

Unwilling to fight, the Amalgamated could exist only by making greater and greater concessions. When the 1929 crisis deepened into a calamitous depression, the "Socialist" Hillman accepted pay cuts of 12½ percent, bragging that reductions represented "victories" since the employers desired slashes of 25 percent. When a few months later he again sanctioned deep cuts, he repeated that matters could always be far worse.

The once proud Amalgamated was too poor in 1933 to hold a convention. Then came the NRA. To Hillman, who had made friends with Franklin D. Roosevelt and who visited Washington frequently as an advisor, the NRA was "the realization of a dream." He had been instrumental in drawing up the new law, and he hailed it in the words of William Green, who hailed it in the words used by Samuel Gompers when the Clayton act was passed in Wilson's time—"Labor's Magna Carta." The Amalgamated recruited vigorously, raising its membership to 125,000 within a year. Once again, a militant ring crept into Hillman's speeches as he repeated sentiments forgotten since the early days of the Amalgamated: the labor movement, and the Amalgamated along with it, could not prosper unless the mass-production and basic industries were strongly organized. Moreover, the Amalgamated, which had finally been admitted in 1933 to the AFL, eagerly supported the growing bloc advocating industrial unionism at executive council meetings. When John L. Lewis threw down the gauntlet and set up the Committee for Industrial Organization, Hillman again moved with the tide. With renewed confidence in the Amalgamated's strength, he pressed the employers for a revised contract and negotiated a thirty-million-dollar wage increase for clothing workers.

AMALGAMATED EXPANDED

The sweeping progress of the CIO carried Hillman with it. The membership of the Amalgamated would not have tolerated any course except complete cooperation with the rest of the industrial union movement. Hillman understood the necessities and abided by them. He was a Roosevelt man, and by the time the CIO had launched its first organizational drive in auto and steel, the administration was on the whole progressive. Labor's militancy had forced important legislative concessions, but more than that, workers were organizing and were strong enough to win employer recognition of their unions. The Amalgamated prospered and expanded, and Hillman kept his firm dictatorial grip on its affairs. In addition, he was honored by being placed in charge of the drive to bring textile workers into the CIO. When in New York the demand for independent political action on the part of labor had become irresistible, Hillman endorsed the American La-

bor Party. But Hillman did not lose his head. Quietly, he opposed a national labor party that might get out of hand. And quietly he strengthened his own position in the ALP.

The honeymoon that allowed Hillman to please both the administration and still serve the labor movement was delightful while it lasted. But the explosion of war in Europe altered relations everywhere. The Roosevelt administration cooled to reform. For three years, the President had courted labor support and in return had yielded when necessary to the demands of organized workers. Now President Roosevelt balked at concessions that strengthened the unions, the strongest weapon for peace. The flirtation with reform was over. The unions must become adjuncts of the war machine or take the consequences.

HILLMAN EARNED APPOINTMENT

Sidney Hillman saw farther than his nose. If he resisted the war drive, he would be forced to battle for his existence and the preservation of his union. There was an easier way, a respectable, sensible way that would boost Sidney Hillman into fame and importance. During the twenties, he had enjoyed basking in the sun of praise from the people who counted. Once again he would be flattered and sought after, he would move in the charmed circle of the elite, he would sit in the councils of the great. "Labor," he said, "is the vanguard of national defense, and we'll make all the sacrifices necessary."

Sidney Hillman, Social Democrat, talked fine words and played the game for Roosevelt, leader of the war party. When the American Labor Party showed signs of resisting the war drive, Hillman headed the wrecking squad whose purpose it was to split the ALP, to reduce it to impotence. Hillman and his friends cried "Red," the old standby that had worked so well in the twenties when Hillman fought the membership of the Amalgamated. Again, it worked—at least, the ALP was unbalanced and its effectiveness as an independent political force undermined. Hillman had not been through the mill for nothing.

He has earned his appointment as labor spokesman on the National Defense Advisory Commission, where he represents labor in the manner that Roosevelt wants it represented—by rubber stamping administration policies. Hillman's function is to lull labor's suspicions of the reactionary menacing course plotted in the White House. He it is who must "sell" willing compliance to war plans to the working class. He plunges into his job with gusto, waving the banner of democracy and justice with desperate enthusiasm, talking sacrifice and discipline, the only labor leader to endorse compulsory conscription. "He is to keep labor in step with the defense production speed-up," commented Ludwell Denny, columnist. "He is supposed to prevent stoppages and strikes." Mr. Hillman, like Gompers before him, has a formula to accomplish these ends. Militantly, he refuses to relinquish the right to strike. Rather, he

emphasizes, labor "has merely abandoned the privilege of striking."

The words are clever, but they persuade no significant section of the labor movement. At first, Hillman thought he could put it over easily. But almost immediately he ran into severe difficulties. More and more he finds himself bucking the main stream of labor. His machine holds the Amalgamated in line, he controls the textile and hosiery workers, and he can muster a semblance of "mass support." But inevitably he comes into conflict with labor's foremost leader, John L. Lewis. Hillman realizes that he must break the power of Lewis and those that support Lewis, or his role is reduced to issuing proclamations that nobody will read. To win the desired victory he must break the unity of the CIO, isolating individual unions so that they can be picked off one by one. The trouble is that Hillman's position on the Defense Commission exposes him to continual criticism. Constant pressure last September forced him to wheedle the Commission into declaring: "All work carried on as part of the defense program should comply with federal statutory provisions affecting labor wherever such provisions are applicable." The statement was weak enough, Hillman thought, not to bind the employers and yet to seem acceptable to the unions. But within five days, the government awarded the single largest war order of \$625,000,000 to Bethlehem Steel Corp. which the National Labor Relations Board had declared a violator of the Wagner act.

Hillman had to cover up. In a moment of panic, he passed the buck to his counterpart, Attorney-General Robert Jackson. This quondam liberal likewise got rattled and handed down an opinion stating that when employers are declared in violation of the Wagner act, the findings of the Board "are binding and conclusive . . . unless and until these findings are reversed by a court of competent jurisdiction." Thereupon, labor demanded that Hillman see to it that no government contracts went to law violators in the future. Poor Sidney Hillman was on the spot. He wriggled, offered a few sententious remarks, and then appeared before the Smith committee, which had sworn to smash the Wagner act, and testified that he would never suggest that the army or navy withhold contracts from law violators. "In every case," Hillman mumbled, turning away from labor to ingratiate himself with his superiors, "the first consideration is whether it will help or harm national defense." And lest he be misunderstood, he added, "Management has cooperated with me. I have no complaint against management. . . ."

He plays the game. He accepted increased hours for employees in war department arsenals. He quietly supported Joseph P. Ryan's most recent offensive against the West Coast International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union. In this drive against Harry Bridges' organization, Hillman even tried to persuade the National Labor Rela-

tions Board to tear up regional contracts held by the ILWU and upheld by the Board in the past. But such contracts, which cover a whole area and are the best means of eliminating continual friction between the unions and the employers, also happen to be the mainstay of the Amalgamated. Hillman was willing to sacrifice forms found invaluable by his own union if thereby he could get rid of Bridges and earn a pat on the back from the President.

LEWIS EXPOSED PRESIDENT

The fate of American unionism—which is the fate of American peace and democracy—rests on the ability to defeat Sidney Hillman and everything he represents. John L. Lewis brilliantly exposed the President, though he weakened his case by supporting Willkie. Hillman will magnify this mistake in judgment and attempt to wreck the CIO on what is now an academic issue—he expects to extend the election campaign into the coming CIO convention. That Lewis opposed war and the curtailment of social legislation are the important facts: around Lewis rally the best and most militant unionists. But Lewis said that he would resign as chairman of the CIO. To preserve and increase the power of the CIO, the more alert unionists have begun to organize to prevent Lewis' resignation. Certainly Lewis remains the most powerful single spokesman of the anti-war forces in the labor movement. Hillman has other plans. He has refused to pay the Amalgamated's per capita dues to the CIO

for the past three months; he is prepared to withdraw his union, along with the textile and hosiery workers, from the CIO at the convention—unless he can dominate the credentials committee and be sure of the final word. One way or another, Hillman plots to cripple labor. On the other hand, he will no doubt find, as he did last September at the New York state convention in Rochester, that his tactic of sabotage only serves to unite the unions into strong and angry opposition to him. The Rochester outrage was not well received even by the membership of the Amalgamated. That is the trouble which always plagues Social Democrats: they are good for one coup, but from that moment on they stand revealed as traitors. Social Democracy may be tricky, but it is also transparent.

Yet Sidney Hillman will try his best. He has hopes of pulling off the greatest stunt of all—fooling workers into abject capitulation to Roosevelt and thus to war. The President will help—with malicious rage he told John L. Lewis that he would "get" both the mine leader and the CIO. Hillman can count on support.

Whatever happens, Sidney Hillman has already earned a sure place in history. He deserves a niche alongside Leon Blum and Scheidemann, Samuel Gompers and Bevin. If he had lived some hundred and sixty years ago, Sidney Hillman would have been a general. And his name would then have been Benedict Arnold. To higher praise no Social Democrat can possibly aspire.

BRUCE MINTON.



W. Clinton

"Go out and get an impartial poll showing that 90% of the people are for entering the war."

Why FDR Wants "Labor Unity"

The President sang no hosannas when John L. Lewis proposed real unity last February. The administration's game today. Perspectives for the immediate future.

Washington.

Two events of significance for the labor movement took place the day after the election. At the laying of the cornerstone for a new post office in Hyde Park, President Roosevelt called the attention of correspondents to placards conveniently displayed in the crowd. The signs read "When Lewis resigns, labor will prosper," and "Not Mr. Lewis but labor unity." The President turned to the newspapermen and said: "There's your story." And the story went out over the wires, as the President meant it to, with the lead that "labor unity" would be one of Mr. Roosevelt's most immediate third term objectives. The same day in Washington the Defense Commission, with the okay of Commissioner Hillman, approved a \$122,000,000 contract for Ford Motors.

The two incidents are related, of course: The Ford contract illuminates the question which the assorted advocates of what the newspapers choose to term "labor unity" almost never ask and certainly never answer: what kind of labor unity?

Our current labor unity enthusiasts sang no hosannas of praise last February when John L. Lewis proposed in his Youth Congress speech a joint convention of the CIO and the AFL to consider an immediate merger of the two labor organizations. All units of the CIO were to be given AFL charters, and the joint convention would determine the manner in which all jurisdictional conflicts were to be settled. The general idea was the same, although less ambitious, than Lewis' proposal a year earlier for the fusion of the AFL, the CIO, and the Railroad Brotherhoods into an all-inclusive American Congress of Labor. When these plans were announced, President Roosevelt did not lunge for the telephone and call Dan Tobin and Sidney Hillman to get busy along the lines of the new labor peace formula.

LEWIS' PROPOSALS

Maybe the respectable friends of labor peace just didn't like the essential idea underlying both Lewis' proposals, which was simply this: the new CIO industrial unions were not to be sacrificed on the altar of a sterile and hidebound craft union bureaucracy. After all, these unions, as well as the CIO itself, were formed because the AFL leaders for decades refused to organize the mass production industries. It was on this issue of preserving the existence of the CIO unions that the various AFL-CIO peace negotiations invariably broke down. The last series of unity talks collapsed when the AFL executive council refused to guarantee that even the original CIO unions would be taken back intact. Bill Green and Matthew Woll didn't want that kind of labor unity. They wanted to push back the clock and undo the work of the

great CIO organizing campaigns that had revitalized the entire labor movement.

Destruction of the new CIO unions is the first point in the "labor unity" formula backed by the President, big business, AFL executive council, and the Hillman wing in the CIO leadership. That is why there has been no alarm at the prospect of labor unity among the AFL old timers. That is why Bill Green is again crooning his sickening refrain of a year or so ago: "Come back, come back into the house of labor." He means: Come back and be slaughtered. The AFL boys expect that the Steel Workers Organizing Committee will be split among the same twenty-odd crafts that claimed jurisdiction over steel in 1919, that the United Transport Workers will be turned loose for the machinists and for various railroad crafts, and so on down the line. Certain unions may be spared temporarily in the interests of strategy, but the general outline of what the Roosevelt-Green-Hillman labor peace plan holds in store for the CIO unions is pretty clear.

The second point in this peace formula is weeding out CIO leaders who are considered trouble makers, who will not carry out White House orders like good boys. Hillman indicated the kind of labor leaders the President wants when he chose his sixteen-man Labor Policy Advisory Committee. This outfit is so docile that it hasn't even protested the award of contracts to Bethlehem and Ford. It was meant to be that way. For example, Samuel L. Hogan of the Marine Engineers Beneficial Association with about 2,000 members is the only maritime union leader represented. Joseph Curran of the powerful National Maritime Union was suspect, of course. Getting John L. Lewis out as head of the CIO is just a first and very important step for the President in achieving a eunuch-like leadership for the labor movement. Harry Bridges could be deported. Militant CIO and AFL chiefs could be put out of the way with anti-trust convictions.

If the President succeeds with these two moves, he hopes to be able to attain his third and most important objective—that of making the entire labor movement an obedient adjunct of the administration's war machine. The President is moving quickly now. Military participation in the war by spring is common talk in Washington. An emasculated labor movement is to be the cornerstone of the "national unity" which exists under a war dictatorship.

More than any other prominent labor leader, John L. Lewis realized that these were the President's real aims. After Lewis' last White House conference ten days before the election he told his friends he was convinced that Roosevelt was determined to

smash the CIO. And so he came to the conclusion that he had to support Willkie in order to gain a little time. Lewis' real mistake lay in permitting himself to be confronted with an impossible choice. The formation of a third party, or even the strengthening of Labor's Non-Partisan League, well before the election, would have created a different and far more favorable situation.

The Hillman boys are not howling for Lewis' blood because he endorsed Willkie. Many Willkie supporters will be forgiven; many, including perhaps Willkie himself, will be taken into the government. That is national unity. The Hillman crowd would not have loved Lewis more if he had endorsed neither candidate. To them Lewis' crime is that he does not believe in their kind of national unity based on defeats for labor and increased profits for the munitions makers. That is why he is such a dangerous obstacle to the President, and why so many progressive trade union leaders want to retain him as head of the CIO.

TOUGH FIGHT

Whether or not Lewis yields to the "draft" movement and gives up his intention to resign, the Hillman group will have a difficult fight at the CIO convention in Atlantic City. Some of their optimistic forecasts overlook the fact that Lewis has never offered to resign from the labor movement. He will be a force in the CIO even if he simply remains as president of the United Mine Workers. It is true that Lewis' resignation will probably mean that Philip Murray will become the new CIO head, and it is also true that Murray has been and remains an active Roosevelt booster. But it is by no means certain that Murray is prepared to go all the way with Hillman, split with Lewis, and surrender his base in the UMW. Nor is it certain that R. J. Thomas, Roosevelt backer though he is, will be able to evoke much enthusiasm among the auto workers for a policy of supine submission to an administration which rewards Ford with a tremendous contract at the start of an organizing drive. The progressive forces behind Lewis may have more support than is commonly anticipated at the CIO convention, and some of the pro-Hillman people may have to go slower than they would like to. Certainly the progressive forces will show their greatest strength in working for a program for the protection of labor's rights, of civil liberties, and of peace—the kind of program which could become the basis for a drive for real labor unity. The reports that the CIO is ready to become part of a vast Roosevelt company union may turn out to be very exaggerated.

ADAM LAPIN.

The New Conspiracy Against China

Whitehall and the State Department strive to chain China to the imperialist war. The dangers of that policy to all the peoples of the world. A genuine four-point program.

FOR three and a half years China, practically singlehanded, has fought a great struggle against overwhelming odds. Not only has she had to fight the invading armies, battle fleets, and air armadas of Japan, but she has also had to fight the industrial and financial interests of the United States and Great Britain who together have been supplying Japan with more than three-fourths of her imports of strategic raw materials.

Britain and America, although frequently professing sympathy for China's struggle for national independence, have in fact until now been chiefly responsible for China's failure to attain her goal. Both Great Britain and the United States know exactly what to do when they face an enemy, as witness the present European war. Their failure to put obstacles in the way of the Japanese military forces is perhaps the best evidence that they do not really regard Japan as their enemy. It would seem that Japan has such an important role to play in their world scheme of things that she must at all costs be preserved. Isn't she the only "reliable" sentinel in the vast colonial world that is Asia? Was it ever in the plans of the Western powers to release China from her semi-colonial status? Isn't Japan's only crime her desire to change this status to that of a colony under exclusive Japanese control? It is becoming increasingly clear that the British and American governments never intended to permit China to play the role of an independent partner and collaborator. On no other hypothesis can we explain the wide divergence between the unending stream of official professions and actual accomplishments. On no other hypothesis can we understand why Japan has been receiving all the aid she has needed to keep her war machine occupied while China has received only enough to enable her to keep Japan busy. It is beside the point for the moment that such tactics proved to be a boomerang by making Japan strong enough to threaten long-established colonial possessions in Southeast Asia. What is important is that for three and a half years Japan has not been the only country China has had to fight.

But China has surprised the world. Not only has she successfully withstood aggression and invasion, but she has steadfastly refused to become a pawn and tool in the game of international power politics. She has withstood all temptations of a peace of appeasement. Instead, she has grown stronger and through resistance ever more independent and self-confident. China will have to be recognized as a powerful nation not to be buffeted around with impunity.

One of the chief factors which has helped China reach her new stature has been the overwhelming support she has received from

Dangerous Policy

MR. PHILIP JAFFE's article, condensed from the November 1940 issue of *Amerasia*, is a timely rebuttal to a dangerous point of view on Far Eastern problems. Many newspaper editorials, many gentlemen who represent the Roosevelt and State Department attitudes, and even such friends of China as Admiral Harry Yarnell have attempted to equate China's valiant battle against Japan with the war in Europe. This is a shrewd way of capitalizing on popular support for China to overcome popular suspicion of Britain's imperialist struggle with Germany. But the fact is, as Mr. Jaffe argues, that the two wars are absolutely different in their origin, development, and objectives. China fights for her nationhood, her independence from foreign domination, her hope of democratic life. This fight is directed in the first place against Japanese imperialism. China's victory would strike a blow against imperialism everywhere, and that is one of the best reasons why it should be supported. Nothing would hurt China's cause more than identification with the fortune of the British empire—the empire which has always been the greatest obstacle to China's integrity and the chief source of support to Japan. Even more: help to China by way of an alliance with Britain not only prejudices China's independence but is itself the surest way of getting the American people into war. Significantly, those who argue for including China in its program of assistance to Britain are amongst the most outspoken warmongers. The alternative is a policy of help to China on the basis of recognizing her equality as a nation. To do that we must withdraw all economic assistance to Japan, and begin to extend large scale assistance to China. Such a policy is impossible without a full rapprochement with the Soviet Union. Even more urgently than Mr. Jaffe, we see in such cooperation the fundamental guarantee of China's victory as well as the assurance of continued peace for the American people.

the people of the world. The sentiment of the great majority of the people in all countries has been so overwhelmingly on the side of China that unscrupulous governments could go just so far but no further. It has been recognized instinctively that China's war of resistance is a people's war, a fight on the side of decency against the forces of darkness. And perhaps nowhere has China's cause received more unanimous popular support than in the United States.

But today some of the most prominent of these friends of China are unwittingly pre-

paring to submerge her in the maelstrom of world conflict and appeasement. Ever since the outbreak of actual warfare in Europe, many leading figures in the United States have been inclined to consider the war in the Far East as part and parcel of the war in Europe. Today this belief is gaining widespread credence. At the recent *Herald Tribune* forum a number of prominent speakers called for an Anglo-American-China bloc against the Axis partnership as the only way to defeat aggression. Aid to England is a blow against Japan, or a blow against Japan is aid to England: these slogans are being chanted even by those very people who profess to believe that nothing is more important for world stability than the liberation of the Chinese nation.

DIFFERENT WARS

But to regard aid to Britain and aid to China as interchangeable or synonymous is a dangerous illusion. It would be disastrous for China if her war for independence were transferred to the level of the European war which is an entirely different kind of war, both in origin and in purpose.

The war in Europe is between Great Britain, the greatest imperial power in the world, and a country which is ambitious to replace Great Britain in that role. Great Britain rules over a vast empire of 600,000,000 people. Almost two-thirds of this number live in India, in utter poverty and subjection, without even a semblance of democracy. And parenthetically it may be noted that China's escape from the fate of India was by no means due to the magnanimity of Great Britain or any other imperialist power. Great Britain has become enormously rich from colonial exploitation. She is fighting to preserve her rule, to maintain her status quo. Germany, industrially powerful, but poor in resources and weak financially, is attempting to take by force what Great Britain possesses. Thus the war in Europe is between two powers, each seeking similar economic ends, each denying its subjects democratic procedure, one fighting to retain what she possesses, the other fighting to take it away from her. As a product of this war so far, the French, Belgian, and Dutch colonial empires have been set adrift. To the victor will go the major portion of these drifting spoils. The aim of both Great Britain and Germany is to get the lion's share in the ultimate redivision of world markets and raw material sources. Nothing has happened so far which would indicate that China is ruled out as a possible victim of this redivision.

Such a war is obviously different from that in the Far East. China is not fighting to capture markets or raw materials. China is

not fighting a war to become or remain a ruling race over millions of subject people. China is fighting for national independence, for freedom and democracy against an aggressor nation whose aim is to subject and enslave the Chinese people and convert China into a colonial area, into another hell-hole like Korea. China's war clearly has nothing in common with England's.

The actual measures taken by the United States government in helping Great Britain and China provide concrete evidence as to the difference between these two wars. American aid to England, particularly the transfer of the fifty destroyers, has been tantamount to a military alliance. American aid to China, on the other hand, has been so strictly limited that it has effectively prevented China from becoming strong enough to demand treatment as a military equal by the United States and Britain. Even the loans to China, to which our government points with such satisfaction, have in reality been only commercial credits granted on none too favorable terms. This marked difference between our government's policy of giving all possible aid to Britain, while giving only the most limited assistance to China, can be understood only if we realize that the objectives of the European war lie chiefly in the Far East and Asia, although the fighting is being done in Europe. These objectives of imperial power are utterly incompatible with China's objectives of freedom and democratic progress. Hence, it is obviously fallacious to say that when the United States supports Britain's war in Europe it is aiding China's war in the Far East.

Can China risk her future by joining her people's war of resistance with the European war of appeasement and callous indifference to the democratic aspirations of other nations? It is of the gravest importance that China keep her war of liberation separate and on a different level from the war of Europe.

VICTIMIZING CHINA

There is much talk of helping all democracies in their fight against fascist aggression. But the word democracy is used to cover a multitude of sins in the confusion of today. For the colonial peoples the preservation of the British empire spells the opposite of democracy. The millions of friends of China in England and America who have so far been an inspiration and an aid to the Chinese people in their struggle for liberation must not permit China's cause to be injured through a fallacious application of the meaning of democracy.

The Far Eastern struggle is different from the one in Europe and we must recognize that difference for China's sake. By this recognition we can support progress, democracy, and national liberation. We can aid one-fourth of the population of the world to arise from a semi-colonial status to national statehood. We can prevent China from becoming a victim of the illusion that she can benefit by allying herself with a nation whose power depends on a continuation of her rule

over oppressed peoples. And we can do all this without becoming involved in actual warfare.

This whole problem can be posed in the form of one question. Can we maintain the status quo in the Orient without becoming involved in war? The answer to this depends wholly on how we define the status quo. If by status quo we mean a Far East as it was before July 1937, when China was a semi-colony, in which many powers were competing for special privileges and imperialist rights; if by status quo we mean a China that can be used as a pawn in the game of international politics; if by status quo we mean treating China's war of resistance as a part of the European war and China herself as merely a tool in the struggle for redivision of the colonial empires—then the answer is yes, war is necessary to reestablish and maintain such a status quo. But if in our definition of the status quo we are willing to recognize that in three and a half years of valiant resistance to aggression, China has proved herself a nation equal to any other; if by status quo we mean the recognition of China as a growing and developing democracy, ready and willing to shoulder the burdens and sacrifices of such a status; and finally, if China is not prevented by us or any other power from becoming fully independent, then no war is necessary to establish or maintain such a status quo.

"STATUS QUO"

Our choice of one or the other definition of status quo in the Orient will determine not only whether China will gain her freedom, but whether we in the United States will keep out of war. So far, the United States has concentrated most of her attention and energy on Europe, and has tended to regard the Far East as a sideline in international affairs. The government's recent actions, which seem to indicate a suddenly greater interest in Far Eastern matters, indicate in the main an effort to drag China into the European situation. If we succeed in making the Far Eastern issue a world one, in joining the two wars together, China will be brought into the sphere of imperialist war and appeasement. In such an atmosphere, China, as a militarily, economically, and financially weak nation, is bound to lose out and become an object of appeasement, like Austria, Czechoslovakia, Ethiopia, and Spain. And we on our part will have been dragged into the European holocaust via the Far East.

It is no exaggeration to say that the United States today faces the greatest crisis in her history, and that her progress and prosperity depend largely on how she solves the Far Eastern problem. There are three, or perhaps four, steps that we can take to insure a peaceful solution, not only of the Far Eastern but of the world problem. First, we can give all necessary aid to China, as quickly as possible. Second, we can enforce a complete trade and financial embargo, covering both exports and imports, against Japan. Third, we can help to keep China out of the Euro-

pean war and openly recognize the difference between her fight for liberation and the European fight for domination. And fourth, we can endeavor to create a basis for cooperation with the Soviet Union.

FOUR POINTS

In recent months, many prominent writers have pointed out that the interests of the Soviet Union and the United States in the Far East are parallel in most important aspects. Both countries need a free and strong China. Both countries would suffer from unchecked Japanese aggression. The Soviet Union as well as China and the United States would have much to lose by dragging the Far East into the European war. The Soviet Union fears, and not unjustly, that such an eventuality of necessity resulting in world war would contain great dangers for all nations including herself. A weak and semi-colonial China would make the Far East an unstable area always on the verge of war, and consequently a menace to the Soviet Union as well as the United States. In view of this, it is certain that the Soviet Union would fear an appeasement policy toward Japan which she could only interpret as a move against her and China. Therefore, any pact that she might make with Japan could under no circumstances be at the expense of China so long as her war of resistance continued. Every purpose, every aim of Soviet foreign policy is opposed to a deal whereby China would be weakened. There has been a good deal of newspaper talk about a proposed Soviet-Japanese pact. Much silly nonsense has been written about it. The *Tass* agency found it necessary to make a categorical denial that the newspaper reports have any vestige of truth in them. But if the United States adopted a policy of appeasement toward Japan, then the Soviet Union in self-defense, to preserve both her neutrality and security, would be obliged to try to neutralize Japan by some form of non-aggression pact. So long as the United States remained loyal to her professed sympathy for China, and refused to appease Japan or force China into a peace of defeat, the United States and the USSR could cooperate formally or informally in the Far East to the advantage of both nations.

It may conceivably be true that the United States, because of her economic and financial power, could unilaterally, by adopting the first three of the proposed measures, prevent Japan from swallowing up not only China but most of Asia, but cooperation with the Soviet Union would make the job both easier and quicker and reduce the danger of war to the vanishing point. But regardless of whether we do or do not cooperate with the USSR, the first three measures constitute the very minimum program that we as a nation can adopt to keep us out of the war and give us a promising economic horizon. Nothing will reverse this picture so quickly and radically as bringing China into the maelstrom of the war in Europe.

PHILIP J. JAFFE.

Blue Blood for Britain

What happened at the Bundles for Britain ball after the horse show. James Morison attended the 10 o'clock supper dance at the Waldorf-Astoria and here is his report.

I AM sure that Mrs. Natalie Wales Latham will never forgive Mr. Neville Montague Butler, C.V.O. Mrs. Latham will never forgive Mr. Butler because he one-timed and nearly two-timed her. He almost let her down, almost completely.

Mrs. Natalie Wales Latham is the president of Bundles for Britain Inc. This is an organization which is raising gobs of money for Great Britain, presumably for medical supplies, surgical equipment, food lorries, and whatnot. It is not known what this estimable organization is doing for London's poor by way of providing deep shelters over their heads to replace those one-eighth of an inch galvanized iron sheets which are eternally connected with the name of Sir John Anderson. But BFB is raising relief for the British. And for this particular evening, Mrs. Latham had obtained the cooperation of Queen Elizabeth. That is, the queen herself, not the steamship which bears her name. Dear Natalie had written to Lord Lothian. She explained her capital idea of finishing out the evening of the horse show, when the social season bluebloodedly begins, with a 10 o'clock supper dance at the Waldorf-Astoria. What Mrs. Latham unfortunately forgot to remember was the date: November 7. November 7 is the anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, the anniversary of the Original Sin.

It so happened that Lord Lothian was called away to London several weeks ago, leaving the Bundles date in the hands of Mr. Butler, who is counsellor to his majesty's embassy in the United States. Meanwhile the Foreign Office had decided that this was the worst possible moment to snub the Soviets—things being what they actually are, don't you know? Mr. Neville Montague Butler, C.V.O., and several members of the embassy staff therefore had to help the Oumanskys celebrate the twenty-third anniversary of the storming of the Winter Palace.

WHAT TO DO?

Mrs. Latham was frantic. A ball on her hands, with Vanderbilts and du Ponts, with Lady Ribblesdale and the Duchess of Leinster, with the Lamonts, Rockefellers, Astors, Schiffs, Milburns, Cuttings—mother and daughter—with Lady Abingdon, the Baroness de Marienwert, the Countess Revilla de Camargo, Sir Ashley and Lady Sparks, Lady Lindsay, and various Wagstaffs, Carnegies, Boomers, Lowells, Pines, Jamesons, and Bullocks not to mention Schieffelins, Haskells, Freemans, and Cones on her hands—what was Mrs. Latham to do if the counsellor failed to show up?

The queen hadn't failed Mrs. Latham. Through Lord Lothian's intercession—he's a dear—the queen had sent a gift to Mrs. Latham, a gift which was mysteriously re-

ported to be an heirloom of her majesty's family. Flown over to America on the *Clipper*, it was brought by Mrs. Latham herself from Washington to New York, where Geoffrey Haggard, British counsel, met her with an armored truck. And Mrs. Latham, Mr. Haggard, the police, the armored truck drivers, and a corps of news photographers accompanied the gift to a vault at the Waldorf. When the box was opened what do you think it contained? A gold cigarette case selected and purchased by her majesty herself, together with a bomb fragment—to be exact, from the bomb which struck Buckingham Palace.

For nearly a week the queen's gift lay in the vault. For the same period of time, Counsellor Butler prepared for November 7 and the reception in honor of the Bolshevik Revolution. Mrs. Latham had sold hundreds of raffle tickets for the queen's gift. Mr. Butler, as the ranking British diplomat in America, was the only proper person to draw the lucky number in a grand climax to the grand ball in the grand ballroom of the Waldorf.

IN WASHINGTON

Obviously Mr. Butler could not be in two places at once. And so at 4 PM on November 7, Mrs. Latham turned her thoughts toward Washington where one thousand diplomats were crowding into the Soviet Embassy, gathered from all parts of the globe, climbing the staircase toward mountains of iced caviar, past the picture of Kalinin. And Mr. Butler, fresh and gay in top hat and striped trousers, and Mrs. Butler in a little afternoon thing by Hattie Carnegie, were among the diplomats gathered for the Soviet reception. Mr. and Mrs. Butler were climbing the embassy stairs at precisely 4 PM.

In New York at that moment Mrs. Latham went limp. If Mr. Butler failed to arrive in time for the ball, the queen's gift would perforce be drawn by the consul, who is only Mr. Geoffrey Haggard. Real diplomatic finesse of ambassadorial quality was needed to do the job. A gift from her majesty's royal hands should fall only into the possession of a member of the social register. No mere consul could do that. Mrs. Latham feared that Mr. Butler was about to let her down.

But he did arrive. He arrived breathlessly by plane, dressed, dined, sat at dinner as Mrs. Latham's guest, and imperiously entered the ballroom with the embassy attaches at 10:59 PM when Mrs. Latham was still pretty limp from worry. Mr. Butler and his party sat in what would have been the royal box if a royal personage had been present. A Union Jack hung from the rail. British colors were everywhere. Gay balloons floated overhead. There was the Duchess of Leinster, coldly beautiful. Mrs. W. Bayard Cutting buzzed

about. Photographers exploded flashlights. Everything was *en regle, de rigueur*. Mrs. Latham, who is a very pleasant lady, smiled at last. The ball would surely be a success.

Or so it seemed at 11 PM. Many of the guests were filled with memories of the horse show that took place the same evening, with its military exercises and the rumble of tanks across the tanbark of Madison Square Garden. Many of the guests were variously filled with lobster, pheasant, wild duck, *chateaubriand* (beefsteak to you), and guinea hen. Some of the guests were just plain full. Young bloods, debts clad in identical gun-metal blue gowns with sashes upon which were emblazoned BRITAIN in gold letters, sashayed about. Old rakes, gentlemen, ladies, and harridans were casual, careful, inaudible. Grandes dames of the four hundred, the popular Mrs. Dave Wagstaff, plodded up the stairs in velvet and ermine. Mrs. S. R. Guggenheim scanned the world and me through a monocle and thought of things other than copper. Mrs. Latham revived.

Time passed to the tunes of Meyer Davis' refined sweet swing orchestra, to wine at fifteen dollars a bottle, to white meat of chicken with truffles, and to lobster and shrimp *dauphin* served cold. To the suave lines of women's ensembles paid for by toil and with thousands of dollars. To the shadowy lines in women's faces, faces seemingly ardent and beautiful, made over and over again into artificial youth. The evening proceeded. Everything was fine. The roll of drums was fine. The playing of the "Star Spangled Banner" and "God Save the King" was fine. The baritone peal of "There Will Always Be an England and England Shall Be Free" was also fine. And the pageant of the intertwined flags of the empire, even India's, with a Nordic blonde impersonating Britannia ruling the waves, and the band playing appropriately—it, too, was just fine. Of course, no one from the empire's greatest possession was present; not even Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, who had been sentenced to four years' hard labor in Gorakhpur for making anti-war speeches just forty-eight hours before.

SOCIALLY PERFECT

Even Eddie Cantor, m.c., was fine. He said what he was supposed to say—that Britain was defending America, and "our way of life." Eddie wisecracked and kidded Ida and told risqué stories and sang "Margie" and "Whoopie." Luise Rainer shook with nervousness and wept about "our way of life" and read a poem by Elizabeth Barrett Browning so that no one could tell what the words were. And then Olsen and Johnson and their squad of "Boomp-sa-daisiers" came trooping

on the dance floor, and pretty soon Mr. Astor got up and "boomped" hips with a blonde chorine—and did a very bad job of it, if you ask me. But it was, speaking socially, perfectly o.k.

Mrs. Latham relaxed. Mr. Butler relaxed. Out there at the tables were du Ponts, Rockefellers, Astors, Lamonts, dreaming of more naval bases, more markets, more profits. Of Union Now. At past midnight in the grand ballroom of the Waldorf with November 7 mercifully gone for another year, it was Union Now! And every man for himself.

Careful hands reverently removed the queen's gift from the case in which it rested. A band of highlanders in kilts, plaid and tartan, whipped into action. The eerie strains of hill music swept through the room. And then twenty debs drew into a ragged line, the fairest of the fair, in their appropriately gunmetal blue gowns with BRITAIN on their sashes. They marched with just a trace of the debutante slouch, in twos by two. Behind them, alone, came Katherine Mortimer, tall, blonde, bearing a crimson cushion upon which reposed—her majesty's gift.

Twice the parade swept about the dance floor, pipes skirling, kilts, skirts whirling. Miss Mortimer held the gold cigarette case before her, the bomb fragment beside it on the cushion.

And then Mrs. Latham came forward. And Mr. Butler. Here was a perfect picture. The rulers of America out there on the floor. The business men and bankers, the names you read about and think about as symbols, out there, in the flesh. And above, in the beflagged box, the British diplomats, nobles, military men, even a black-frocked Anglican priest. Mrs. Latham and Mr. Butler ascended the steps to the platform. An attendant brought forward a glass cylinder mounted on a shaft. Within the glass were the several thousand little white raffle tickets. The attendant turned the cylinder about, mixing up the tickets, then poked within the glass until everyone could see that the draw would be fair, honest and above board.

Mr. Butler stood wearily on one foot. Mrs. Latham, completely at ease now, buzzed, talked, smiled a little, hoping that the ceremony would go off without a hitch. And now the band marched on the platform. The guard of honor, the beautiful daughters of the rich, followed, spread themselves in a long light blue line on either side of the British counsellor and the American woman. Then Miss Mortimer handed the cushion with the queen's gift to Mrs. Latham, who held it up, opening the lid of the gold cigarette box to display the encrusted sapphires.

Mr. Butler stretched forth a tired limp hand and drew a ticket stub from the cylinder. Mrs. Latham snatched it from his grasp. Would the winner be a du Pont? A Rockefeller? Someone who would keep the queen's gift decently safe from prying eyes, hand it down finally to some museum, where it would be exhibited behind glass: "Gift of her majesty the queen to Bundles for Britain, Inc., Nov. 7, 1940"? Or perhaps it would go

to one of the titled Britons. Or to dear Dean Beekman from St. Some-thing-or-Other-on-Thames who would keep it in trust for the day when the world had been made free again for "our way of life."

Mrs. Latham looked at the ticket and began to read. "The winner of the queen's gift," she said, "is Mrs. J. F. Joyce." She paused, then continued: "of 3433 DeKalb Avenue. . . ." She held her breath, looked again and uttered the final words ". . . the Bronx."

You could hear the shudder which crossed the grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria in the horrible moment that followed. Mrs. Latham almost regained her composure. But her voice was shaken as she asked: "Is the winner in the room?" The winner was not in the room. The lucky ticket had been purchased by someone, by heaven only knows whom, at the Bundles for Britain office on Fifth

Avenue. "No? She is not in the room?" Mrs. Latham's voice trailed away, tired. "Of course, we shall see that she receives this cigarette case."

And the evening was at an end. The queen's gift will now reside in, of all places, the Bronx.
JAMES MORISON.

Sh! Keep It a Secret

"**M**RS. DOROTHY GRANT, a writer, opposing use of the [Rugg] books, conceded that a statement in one of them that the United States was not a land of equal opportunity for all its citizens was true. 'But should we teach that to children eight to eleven years old?' she asked."—From the New York "Post" report of a meeting in Manhasset, L. I., on the use of Dr. Harold A. Rugg's "radical" textbooks.



"I don't believe Cecil will be called. He has five maids, three cooks, two chauffeurs, two gardeners, a valet, and a butler to support."

I Knew Andre Marty

Bernard Knox worked under the organizer of the International Brigades in Spain. His letter on the leader of the Black Sea mutiny. "Here is the man we all loved. . . ."

TO NEW MASSES: Somewhere in the closing pages of Ernest Hemingway's new book, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, you come across a bleary-eyed crazy old killer called Andre Marty. It is a powerful piece of writing, but it is a lie. It is a stale lie, at that, for it dates from the fascist propaganda campaign that began the moment the International Brigades distinguished themselves as the highest expression of the world's solidarity with Spain. It is not strange that fascist hacks all over Europe and the Americas should have singled out Andre Marty as the chief target of their attacks; rather it is the best kind of tribute to the role he played in organizing and inspiring the Brigades. But it is disturbing to find the old lie served up with some new trimmings in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.

I do not know any English word that accurately describes the position that Marty held in the Brigades. The only word that does so is a French word . . . *responsable*. That was a word you soon got used to if you were in a French outfit. The group in which I left Paris for Spain had its elected *responsable*, Gustave, a little Parisian building worker, who came from the 18th *arrondissement*, the district which had elected Andre Marty to the *Chambre des Deputes* in 1935. Gustave had no defined powers, no way of enforcing his orders, he could not speak the languages of a good half of his charges, but he was *responsable*. He had to get that group of Frenchmen, Englishmen, and Poles to Spain, alive and without any incidents. And it depended on his qualities as a human being and a leader whether he did or not. There was nobody to help him, and nobody to back up his decisions . . . he was *le responsable*.

That is the best way I can describe what Marty meant to the Brigade I fought in, the Eleventh (International) Brigade, the first one to leave Albacete for the Madrid front. He was *le responsable*, the man who would have to make the hard decisions, the man who would take the blame if things went wrong.

HARD DECISIONS

The responsibility was enormous, and the decisions harder than anyone who did not have to make them can realize. The *Bataillon Commune de Paris*, to which our English section of twenty-one men was attached, was typical of the problems that Marty had to face. Nearly all of the men were the best type of French worker, cool, determined, disciplined, and ready for anything. But a few were as lively a crew as ever gathered beneath one roof, men who had seen fighting all over the world and expected to find this business easy; fine soldiers, yes, but the Brigade needed something more than that. They seemed to respect nothing and

fear nobody, and very rare was the commander who could make even a temporary impression on them.

I remember well a day on which we waited in the square of the Civil Guard barracks in Albacete. Andre Marty was going to speak to us before we moved off to new billets. I was eager to see and hear him, but as we stood there and time went by, Marty was driven from my mind by the incredible sight that barrack square presented. There was our battalion, on which so much depended: sitting, lying, standing, without arms, without uniforms, dressed in every style of cheap clothes produced from Warsaw to Glasgow.

Our English group had just started a game of twenty-one on a stray drum, and a crowd surrounded it, trying to divine the mysteries of the old army game. A Parisian suddenly yelled into my ear that it was ignoble for proletarians to gamble, and when I asked him what he thought about proletarians getting soused he grinned and offered me a drink from his wineskin. Way over on the other side of the square they were singing an old *chanson du regiment*. Just behind me there was a fight going on.

Suddenly the fight stopped. It stopped because the men standing around threw themselves on the combatants and held them down. All over the square, men were scrambling to their feet, straightening the blankets that were rolled on their shoulders, and looking up and forward. I looked too, and there on the balcony was Marty, surveying the battalion, which was now standing silent in orderly rows. Just behind me a man started to sing, and I heard a gurgle as his mouth was stopped, with a fierce whisper, "*Ta gueule, idiot. Marty va parler.*" ("Shut your trap, you fool, Marty's going to speak.")

The transformation was complete and incredible. And Marty had not yet said a word. He raised his fist in the Popular Front salute, but before he could begin, the battalion began to sing. It was an old song dating back to '48, a tribute to the seventeenth regiment of the line, which had refused to fire on the people. But now they sang new words to it, now it was a tribute to Marty, the man who had inspired the French sailors' refusal to fire on the Soviet Union.

*Salut, salut a vous,
Braves marins de la Mer Noire. . . .
Salut, salut a vous,
Pour votre geste magnifique. . . .*

As the song died away, the men who stood in that yard were no longer just so many men, they were a unit in an army. And that was how Marty spoke to them. He spoke as no other man I have ever heard, so simply that in his mouth heroic words became bare state-

ments of fact. Madrid was in danger, he told us. Soon it would be our duty and privilege to help defend it. We must use every minute left to prepare ourselves. We must be ready to give not only our lives, but our personal freedom. We must have not only courage, but also discipline. We must do more than die, we must fight well, if fascism was to be destroyed. The silence as he finished was broken by shouts of "*Vive Marty.*" And as he clenched his fist again in salute, the first company was already marching in step out of the gate.

MECHANICS ORDERED TO FRONT

The way I first came to meet him tells a great deal about the job he had to do. In Albacete we were joined by seven skilled mechanics who had come from factories in England to work on aircraft production in Barcelona. They had never seen Barcelona, but they had a very good acquaintance with the insides of barracks all the way from Figueras to Albacete. Now they had been told they were going to the front, and they were so tired of trying to explain in pidgin French that they were mechanics, to Polish commanders who spoke pidgin Italian, that they were relieved at the news.

As political delegate, I was put to work on the case. The temporary commander of our battalion, known to everyone as Bouboule (French for Fatty) was very sympathetic, but at the end of my harangue he shrugged his shoulders impatiently and said, "They should go. Of course. But who am I to take the risk of sending seven men I don't know to Barcelona? *Non, non, moi, mon vieux, je ne suis pas responsable.*"

I had heard this so often that I asked him who the hell was responsible, and he said with a grin, "Go and see *le camarade Marty*. But you can't. He's too busy."

He was right. I couldn't get near Marty, and the political commissar of our battalion wouldn't take it up with him.

One day, as we stood around waiting for our rifles to arrive (we did that every day) I heard a shout of "*Vive Marty*" from the gate. Past the sentries walked a big man who moved his fist slowly up to his temple in salute, an absorbed look on his face. I didn't think twice. Before the shout had died down I was standing in front of him, and before he could stop I had blurted out "*Camarade Marty.*" . . . and there I stuck. I couldn't say another word.

He looked at me and I knew he was going to speak. It was too late now. I realized suddenly that he was speaking in English, "So," he said, "you must be one of the English comrades."

The tense faces of the men behind him relaxed, and they began to laugh, and the laughter increased as his words were translated

into the five languages of the bystanders. I looked down at my trousers. The English national dress, grey flannel slacks and a sports jacket of a different color, was already a standing joke in the Brigade. On the continent everybody wore a suit, even if it wasn't a very good suit.

Marty moved on. "Come and see me at three o'clock," he said with a smile, and Gustave, our *responsable* of the voyage out, patted me on the shoulder.

At three o'clock I was in Marty's office, and at five past three I had in my pocket seven railway tickets to Barcelona. While he signed the passes without which tickets were useless, I took a good look at him, a big heavy face, with a dull complexion and a graying mustache, a dour brooding face that reminded you more of a Scot than a Frenchman. When he raised his head, the eyes were very friendly. As he handed me the passes he said, "Your English group is not big enough to be represented on our council of commissars. But I have seen to it that you will be admitted to see me whenever you wish. So you will have no more trouble." He looked at me attentively, and now the face was stern. "One thing more. You are a responsible comrade. You will not abuse this privilege. You understand, I am busy, very busy."

"*Compris, camarade.*"

"Very well, then. *Salut.*"

WITHHELD JUDGMENT

And as I walked out of the room I felt very proud of the trust he had placed in me, but I also promised myself that whatever happened, I would not treat his time lightly.

There were several occasions on which I was forced to go to him. Once I was sent by the English group to demand, in the strongest terms possible, the immediate removal from the Brigade of three men who had distinguished themselves for their criminal carelessness and their contempt of discipline. He sent me back empty-handed, and what he said is worth remembering. "Everyone in this Brigade will be given a chance to prove himself in battle. Yes, we have unreliable elements in our ranks. But we cannot pass final judgment on them until they have had the opportunity to fight. Afterwards, we shall see."

That's worth remembering because there's a great deal of talk about Marty *le fusilleur*, in Hemingway's portrait. At any time from 1937 onward you could go to a fascist meeting in Paris and hear a bunch of renegades from Spain tell how Marty was sticking them up against the wall by the cartload. What they never explained was how they happened to be alive to tell the tale.

I never heard of anyone in the Brigade being shot, except by the fascists, and I was in the Brigade during the critical period of its formation, from September to December 1936. But there were at least ten men whom I knew personally, who, in my considered judgment, should have been shot, for they were either fascist agents or maniacs. But most of them were pulled out of the ranks after the Novem-

ber fighting and sent back to France, where they earned their keep by slandering Marty, *le responsable*, responsible, in this case, for the fact that they were still alive.

But Marty's stature cannot be measured solely by his achievements in Spain, great as they were. For millions of European workers, Marty was one of the giants of the modern revolutionary movement long before he went to Spain. The Andre Marty of the Brigades was a man who had already fought, suffered, organized; his work in Spain was the culmination of a political career famous from one end of Europe to the other.

IMPRISONED FIVE YEARS

Andre Marty was born in Perpignan, near the Spanish frontier, in 1886. His father was a Communard who had escaped the Versailles terror by taking temporary refuge in the United States. His father's devotion to the cause of the working class had a profound effect on young Andre. At the age of twenty-one, after some years of working as a mechanic, he joined the French navy, and was assigned to the torpedo boat, *Protet*. Little is known of his early career there, except that he must have gained the complete confidence of the sailors. When the French fleet was sent to the Black Sea, as a measure of intervention against the Soviet Republics in 1917, groups of sailors protested the instructions to fight the Russian workers. Hundreds of sailors began to sympathize with the ideals of the Bolshevik Revolution, and Marty was one who quickly rose to the leadership of his fellow men. He was betrayed, and imprisoned in the hold of the battleship, *Waldeck Rousseau*, at anchor in the port of Odessa. He continued to organize a revolt from prison, but now his plan was much more ambitious than before.

In April 1919, the fleet, under the orders of Admiral Legay, bombarded the Soviet town of Kherson, and killed two hundred civilians. For this courageous action the officers were awarded the *croix de guerre*. This was too much for the sailors, and the revolt broke out. The *Waldeck Rousseau* ceased fire and ran up the red flag. The movement spread rapidly to other ships, and the French infantry units also mutinied. Romain Rolland, in his journal for December 1920, says that most of the French fleet was about to join the Soviet workers. But the revolt was suppressed and Marty went back to prison again, this time for twenty years.

He was confined in the military prison at Nîmes, in the South of France, under what the French call the *regime cellulaire*, which means solitary confinement with an extremely short period for exercise. But in France things had changed. The devastation of the World War, and the subsequent crime of intervention against the Soviet Union, had roused a powerful workers' movement all over the country. And this movement was determined that Marty should be released.

The workers began to nominate Andre Marty in elections. During his imprisonment from 1921 to 1923 he was elected to forty-two

different government and municipal positions. The authorities were forced to release him. On July 23, 1923, he walked out a free man for the first time since 1917.

Up to this moment he had been a member of no political party; the Black Sea mutiny he had led alone, without guidance, without help. But now he immediately joined the party which he had decided in prison was representative of the best interests of the French workers, the Communist Party of France.

In 1924 he was elected to the *Chambre* from Seine et Oise, and he carried on an unending, bitter struggle against reaction. In 1927, after he had led the popular opposition to the brutal colonial war in Morocco, he was sent to prison again. But this did not silence him. From prison he smuggled out to *L'Humanite*, the Communist newspaper, an open letter to Marshal Foch, accusing him of organizing war against the Soviet Union. This letter created a sensation all over Europe, and for that two more years were added to Marty's sentence. Between 1919 and 1932 he had spent seven and a half years in prisons all over France.

MEMBER OF MUNICIPAL COUNCIL

In 1929 he was elected a member of the Paris municipal council, one of the most reactionary bodies in France, where he carried on alone a magnificent struggle against the fascist members who agitated ceaselessly for his removal. Meanwhile he had advanced to such a position of leadership in the French Communist Party that he was elected to the Executive Committee of the Communist International.

As the French Communists developed the brilliant tactics which contributed so much to the building of the Popular Front, Marty's influence and reputation increased. In 1936, he was elected to the *Chambre* from the 18th *arrondissement*, the only Communist deputy from Greater Paris. He had already become an authority on Spain, and had written many brilliant articles on Spanish politics. When the fascist revolt broke out, and turned into a German and Italian invasion, Andre Marty was, from every point of view, the ideal man to organize and lead the volunteers of all progressive and advanced mankind who came to fight for Spain.

I once asked Gustave, who had worked with Marty for ten years in the district round the Porte d'Italie, what he thought of him. The question took him by surprise. Obviously it was a thing a Parisian worker did not consider, much less discuss. He thought for a few minutes, and then he said, "Look, *camarade*, Andre Marty is one tough guy. And everyone in this outfit loves him, and we are all ready to die if he tells us to." And then he grinned and said, "And that's not just words, *c'est pas de la blague*, because after all, that is probably what we are going to do."

Many of them did. Some of them survived. But I am speaking for them all when I say, "*Vive Marty! Vivent les Brigades Internationales.*"

BERNARD KNOX.

Strictly Personal

by RUTH MCKENNEY

The Knight of Hope

THE life of a human being hangs in delicate balance as you read this page. A phrase, a headline, a pair of callous shoulders shrugged in Washington or Wall Street, and the man is dead; but a word spoken somewhere in a smoky union hall, a cry out of the dark night in Oklahoma or California, Indiana or the crowded, hungry streets of Brooklyn, and the man lives.

Dear friends, I ask you to speak this word. Save the life of Luiz Carlos Prestes, who lies enveloped in the shadow of death in a dark prison cell because he led the struggle of the Brazilian people for life and freedom.

I ask you to speak this word, knowing that a word is no trivial thing today. Now, if never before, wearied men may ask out of their despair, am I then really my brother's keeper? I know that in our own household, ever since Spain, there have been moments when we felt a terrible need to turn a hard face to the scales holding life; to seek a cold and precise logic for a shield around the heart too often pressed for tears. I remember when Ben Leider died on an airfield near Valencia; death was a fresh agony to his friends in those days. We mourned him bitterly.

But since the terrible afternoon when I sat with the telegram reading laconically, "Ben killed last Tuesday," the world has echoed with the agony of a thousand, a hundred thousand, a million men dead in their brave youth, slaughtered, a sacrifice to the dying capitalism that surrounds us. I have clenched my fists in movie houses, trying to keep back my loud outcry as I watched a Chinese mother on the screen picking up the fragments of what, a moment before the Japanese bomb smashed into the street, had been a living human being, her little child. I remember standing in Madison Square Garden in the half dark while to the roll of drums and the soft undernotes of the bugle they read off the terrible, the interminable roll call of the Americans who fell in Spain—while all around me the widows and the mothers of the dead waited in frozen pride to hear the one name, their great name.

Yes, but these things were only the beginning. A man is lynched in Alabama, crying above the noise of the flames, "It don't matter about me, you can't keep my people down." A good man stands up in an Oklahoma court, a young man, and hears the judge say, "Fifteen years." Fifteen years! The heart is made sick by those words. Fifteen years! A lifetime!

And still this does not touch the truth. Day after day, week after week, year after year, the steady, inexorable march of agony screams across the headlines, comes in the mail, throbs in meeting halls, until the heart trembles under the surfeit of tragedy. Yes, even people of good will may ask today, am I still, and am I forever, my brother's keeper? Yes, when I ask you to speak the word for Luiz Carlos Prestes, I am asking for no trivial thing.

Yet—the life of a human being hangs in delicate balance. A man waits in a faraway prison cell, waits for you to summon up out of your strength the word that will save him. I think you cannot refuse him.

For Luiz Carlos Prestes does not sit alone in his dark prison, he sits with Ben Leider and the Chinese mother, he sits with our Spanish dead and the long-forgotten Russian workers who fell bloody and battered on the barricades of 1905; the men of the French Commune are at his elbow; Lenin holds up his spirit in the bitter watches of the night; and you, you who read this, you are in his heart. For Luiz Carlos Prestes is still, as he always has been, his brother's keeper. He has answered the question that we who sit still safely here must also answer, for now, and for always.

And this is not rhetoric. Luiz Carlos Prestes was an army officer in Brazil, yet from childhood he was part of the agonizing struggle of his people for liberation. He was hardly out of boyhood before he was in the hot Brazilian rubber forests, risking his life side by side with the Negro plantation hands, in a desperate fight against slavery. He was a military genius; he used his skill to build that great battalion, the Prestes column, the forerunner, the companion to the great Chinese Red Army. His name gradually



spread to the other suffering peoples of Latin and South America. He was a symbol before his hair was grey. They called him, in the lovely Portuguese language, "The Knight of Hope."

Then finally his many years of work began to bear fruit. In 1935 the Brazilian people made a beginning at a Popular Front. They called it the National Liberation Alliance. Luiz Carlos Prestes was honorary president. But the people of Brazil fight two enemies, feudalism at home, imperialism from abroad. In 1936, supported by the Washington government, Dictator Vargas declared Brazil to be in a state of war. The leaders of the Liberation Alliance were killed, beaten to death, jailed. Luiz Carlos Prestes went to prison in the same month the fascist party was legalized. Since then the fascists have tried a coup d'etat; Vargas slapped their wrists when Washington frowned. The fascist leaders are still making merry in the cafes of Rio de Janeiro; while Luiz Carlos Prestes comes daily closer to death.

For prison could not fade the glory of the Knight of Hope. All through the dark suffering plains and forests and cities of agonized, captive Brazil the people tell each other just the word, "Prestes." The prisoner in the little cell grows inconvenient to the dictator; Vargas cocks an inquiring eye at the capital of the giant republic to the north. A scandal must be avoided. But perhaps all that agitation about Luiz Carlos Prestes, so unfortunately current in the United States when he was arrested, perhaps it has died down? Perhaps people have forgotten? Dictator Vargas raises his eyebrows in a discreet unspoken question. What will they answer in Washington, in Wall Street?

And dear friends, you who read this, you cannot let that answer be a shrug of the shoulders, a murmured, indifferent assent. A letter to Cordell Hull, to President Roosevelt, to Vargas himself; a resolution from a trade union forwarded to these people; a communication from a neighborhood club, a church society—these things, multiplied enough will tip the delicate balance for Luiz Carlos Prestes.

Ah, it is true that Luiz Carlos Prestes is only one of a thousand men, a hundred causes that beat against your heart. It is true that he is a man of a faraway, alien country, remote in space and language and circumstance. But he has never grown weary of the fight for freedom; he has never refused to take the burdens of strangers. And they have tortured him in that prison, broken his body. They have torn his young wife from his arms and sent her back to a German concentration camp where she bore the child he may never see, where she waits for him now, tortured and lonely.

Luiz Carlos Prestes! Don't let him die! He fights beside you for the dignity of man! The Knight of Hope! He is your brother! Be his keeper now!

Address: His Excellency, Senor Getulio Vargas, President, United States of Brazil, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

What the Elections Mean

Why Roosevelt's plurality was reduced by six million, the smallest plurality since 1916. The decline in labor support. Outlook for the future: the need for a third party. An editorial.

THE elections have come and gone. For one day the world stood still while America voted. For one day the decisions of Europe and Asia waited while America made a great decision. But on that day, as on other days, the fever and agony of the capitalist world, mounting through the weeks, raged through every artery of our own life.

Curiously, after all the hot words and shrill clamor of the campaign, nothing is changed. Wall Street's favorite son was defeated, but Wall Street won. For the first time in history a President ran for a third term. And for the first time in history a member of Wall Street's inner circle, a man without previous experience in public life, sought the highest post in the land. One would have expected a clash of giants, the unfolding of titanic issues. Those issues boiled up from the people, from the torment of Europe and Asia. But the two men never came to grips; on all essentials they agreed not to disagree.

Late on election night Fritz Mandl, the Austrian munitions king, sat in the Fairway Yacht Club, New York, entertaining a party of American business friends and European royalty, including the Archduke Otto. A reporter asked Mandl how he liked the election results. He shrugged his shoulders. "In my business it makes no difference who gets in." (New York *Journal and American*, November 6.) "In my business"—the business of death. Yes, the lamentation of Wall Street is something less than deafening. The stock market, after a brief relapse the day after the elections (due in large part to the selling of stocks, especially utilities, which had been bought by Willkie backers as a form of election betting), the next day not only regained its losses, but made new advances. Commented the November 7 issue of *Iron Age*: "Seldom has a Presidential election passed with so little influence on the trend of business volume and production." M. S. Rukeyser, Hearst financial writer, found that "The New Deal victory will stimulate rather than retard near-term economic expansion in the United States . . . and signaled full speed ahead for the present incipient armament boom." (*Journal and American*, November 6.)

NO CHANGE

For the American people, too, nothing has changed. For them the future holds the same insecurity, the same bitter struggle to keep body and soul together, the same harrowing threat of war and all that war implies. Yet some 48,000,000 persons voted, the greatest number in our history. For the majority of these it was no idle gesture. They were seeking something in this election. The huge turnout on November 5 expressed the deep political ferment among the electorate; it reflected

the people's concern over what was happening in America and the world, their desire somehow to influence the course of events and help determine their own destiny.

The foundation of the Roosevelt victory was the improved economic situation resulting from the incipient war boom and the continued support of the majority of the organized workers. However, whereas in 1936 a similar economic improvement and the backing of organized labor combined to produce a record plurality of nearly 11,000,000, this year the President won by only about 4,500,000. Proportionately, too, his vote declined, from 62.5 percent of the total in 1936 to 54.5 percent in 1940. This is the smallest plurality by which the Presidency has been won since the closely contested election of 1916. Undoubtedly, this absolute and relative decrease and the 30 percent increase in the Republican vote can be attributed only in part to the weight of the third term tradition; basically they reflect the growing dissatisfaction of large sections of the voters with the course of the administration.

Significantly, the swing away from Roosevelt is sharpest among that section of the population which has benefited not at all from the armaments boom, but, on the contrary, has suffered impairment of living standards—the farmers. In addition to Maine and Vermont, the only two the GOP captured in 1936, Willkie won eight states. These were Colorado, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Nebraska, North Dakota, and South Dakota—all, with the exception of Michigan and to some extent Indiana, primarily agricultural states. In voting for Willkie, the traditionally isolationist farmers of the Midwest and Northwest were expressing their opposition to the administration's warlike foreign policy, as well as their protest at the decline in their income as a result of the loss of foreign markets because of the war.



Soriano

But discontent with the Roosevelt administration was by no means confined to the agricultural states. Of the thirty-eight states won by the President, his majority this year declined from 1936 in twenty-eight despite the increased total vote. And of the ten in which his majority increased, all but two are in the South where 10,000,000 Negroes and whites are disfranchised and Democratic machines have things their own way.

THE WORKERS

Among the workers, too, the beginning of disillusionment with the Roosevelt administration manifested itself. The loss of such an important industrial state as Michigan, a stronghold of the CIO, the close vote in New Jersey and Illinois (where Roosevelt was saved largely through the efforts of the corrupt Hague and Kelly-Nash machines), and the sharply reduced majorities in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts indicate a decline of working class support. This is further evidenced in a study made by the Associated Press of the results in the principal mining regions of the country; they show that, except for Alabama, the Roosevelt majority declined substantially from the figures four years ago. Undoubtedly, John L. Lewis' endorsement of Willkie was a factor in shifting labor votes from the President. But at bottom, it was opposition to the administration's foreign policy, dissatisfaction with the failure to fulfill the mandate of 1936, and fear as to the future of social legislation under an armaments economy that were chiefly responsible for the large-scale defections. And even among those who voted for the President, there were many who did so without enthusiasm, with misgivings and trepidation because they saw no alternative but a Republican candidate who was flesh and bone of Wall Street.

The election mandate.—"It is a matter of profound significance," said Secretary of State Hull in a statement after the elections, "that our foreign policies, the basic features of which were supported by both the leading candidates for President, were given yesterday nationwide approval. With the election over, our nation can now go forward with the fullest measure of practical teamwork by the government and the people in the firm continuance of these foreign policies."

It may be asked, if both the Democratic and Republican candidates agreed on foreign policy, and if the people agreed with them, why hold an election? The fact is that in this election, as in no other since the spurious twenties, the American people were the victims of a gigantic swindle. They were given the opportunity of voting for either Charlie McCarthy or Mortimer Snerd, but in both cases they were actually voting for Edgar

Bergen—for the dominant oligarchs of Wall Street. Secretary Hull—whose interpretation of the election results was seconded by the pro-Willkie New York Times—was entirely right in saying that both leading candidates supported the same foreign policy. In fact, Willkie endorsed not only Roosevelt's foreign policy, but, as one of his supporters, William Randolph Hearst, pointed out (*Journal and American*, November 7), "agreed that he [Roosevelt] was right in every respect except in holding the office which the Republican candidate wanted."

But Secretary Hull is completely wrong in stating that the 48,000,000 Americans who voted for either Roosevelt or Willkie voted for the foreign and domestic policies which they jointly symbolize. The fact is that the majority of these 48,000,000 were denied the opportunity of a real choice. And to make certain that there would be not even a formal possibility of voting for a different course, minority parties, especially the Communist, were ruled off the ballot in state after state.

It is significant that in order to trick the people, both Roosevelt and Willkie during the campaign *concealed their real foreign and domestic policies and offered the voters policies which in words were quite different.*

What the American people voted for was:

Roosevelt

We are arming ourselves not for any foreign war. We are arming ourselves not for any purpose of conquest or intervention in foreign disputes. . . . It is for peace that I have labored; and it is for peace that I shall labor all the days of my life. (Speech at Philadelphia, October 23.)

I give to you and to the people of this country this most solemn assurance; there is no secret treaty, no secret obligation, no secret commitment, no secret understanding in any shape or form, direct or indirect, with any other government, or any other nation in any part of the world, to involve—no such secrecy that might or could, in any shape, involve—this nation in any war or for any other purpose. (Speech at Philadelphia, October 23.)

For example, the benefits of social security should be broadened and extended; unemployment insurance should cover a larger number of workers. Our old age pension system must be improved and extended. (Speech before the convention of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, September 11.)

I see an America where small business really has a chance to flourish and grow. I see an America of great cultural and educational opportunity for all its people. (Speech in Cleveland, November 2.)

And what the people voted for was:

Willkie

I have given you my pledge many times over: I will work for peace. We are against sending our boys into any war other than the defense of our own country. (Speech in Baltimore, October 30.)

There is no issue between the third-term candidate and myself on old-age pensions, unemployment insurance, collective bargaining and laws which guarantee that wages shall not be below a certain amount, and laws which prohibit men working more than so many hours a week, or the elimi-

nation of child labor, or the retention of federal relief. I am not only for those laws, but I advocate very strongly their improvement and their reinforcement. (Speech in Wilkes-Barre, October 25.)

America should be a growing, a dynamic country. Her national income, as I say, instead of being seventy billion now would have been over one hundred billion if it hadn't been for this very concentration of power of which I speak. That's the America that I represent; that's the America I speak for; that's the America I hope to bring about. (Speech before New York *Herald Tribune* forum, October 23.)

It is difficult to tell which of these two political wizards offered the biggest and most dazzling gold bricks. By effusively embracing the people's program, both Roosevelt and Willkie seduced the voters into accepting an entirely different program. At the very moment when the President was making voluble protestations *ad nauseam* that his administration had entered into no secret commitment or understanding with any foreign government, his State Department was engaged in negotiating for the use of British bases at Singapore and elsewhere in the Pacific; after the election it came out in the press though the President continued to deny it. And Roosevelt himself was fresh from the destroyers-bases deal with Britain which ceased to be secret only when he, after first denying it, chose to make it public. (Who knows what secret commitments will never be made known?) The President pledged to extend social security, but earlier in the year his administration, with the tacit blessing of the Republicans, had shelved plans to extend the Social Security Act. As for the small business man, is his name perchance Mr. Knudsen or Mr. Stettinius?

The promises of Wendell Willkie were no less empty and demagogic. Some of his antics were ominously reminiscent of Huey Long. He charged that Roosevelt was leading the country into war, but supported every one of the administration's steps toward greater involvement. He promised to preserve and extend all the social gains of the past few years, but at the same time to remove the legislative restrictions that big business found objectionable. That this head of a billion-dollar Morgan corporation was able to bamboozle nearly 22,000,000 persons, including the traditionally anti-Wall Street farmers of the Midwest and Northwest, into accepting him as a genuine representative of the common people indicates the vast groundswell of discontent which the betrayals of the Roosevelt administration have set in motion.

Hardly was the election over when President Roosevelt began to violate the people's mandate. One of the worst flouters of the National Labor Relations Act, the Ford Motor Co., whose head is a notorious Nazi sympathizer and anti-Semite, was the very next day given a \$122,000,000 contract for airplane engines. Of what use now are the protests of R. J. Thomas, president of the United Automobile Workers, when he surrendered in advance his most effective means of protest by giving Mr. Roosevelt a

blank-check endorsement for a third term?

And how shamelessly Roosevelt deceived the people when he pledged to avoid all entanglement in the European war. This deception is even taken as a matter of course by newspaper commentators. Writes Anne O'Hare McCormick in the New York *Times* of November 9:

While the electoral battle raged, various proposals for further help to Britain were kept in the background. One of these asks for the modification of the Johnson act to permit credits to England to cover the colossal orders that will have to be placed after British reserves in this country are exhausted. Another seeks to amend the Neutrality Act to allow these supplies to be transported in American ships. . . .

Delayed action on these and other projects, including the Singapore base and the President's plan to allot half of our armament production to the British, was a practical effect of the campaign, proved by the instant rush to make up for lost days. . . .

Those weasel words, "kept in the background," "practical effect"—what crimes against the peace and welfare of the people they seek to cover up. Consider the moral level of a candidate for the highest office in the land who solemnly pledges before election day to do everything in his power to keep the country out of war and all the while deliberately conceals plans that will inevitably take the country into war. It is, of course, not a question merely of individuals, but of a corrupt and degenerate social system which these individuals typify. In the USSR there are no such treacherous candidates, no such demagogic election campaigns; that fact alone is a measure of the immense moral gulf between capitalism and socialism.

What role did the other parties play?

The Socialist Party.—For the Socialist Party the 1940 election was little short of a catastrophe. Just how great is the debacle of this party which in 1920 polled nearly a million votes only the final tabulations will tell. In the entire state of New York, where the party's strength is chiefly concentrated, Norman Thomas drew a total of 20,114 votes. This is less than one-fourth of the 86,869 votes he polled in 1936. It is evident that despite the excellent publicity which the party received in the press and over the radio, voters who were dissatisfied with both Roosevelt and Willkie rejected the Socialist Party and its leading candidate, seeing in them no genuine means of expressing their desire for independent political action. The steady decline of the Socialist Party in recent years is the fruit of its disruptive Red-baiting directed at every progressive movement and of policies that, for all their radical veneer, are essentially as reactionary as those of Messrs. Blum, Bevin, *et al.* in Europe.

The American Labor Party.—But for the 422,656 votes he received as candidate of the American Labor Party (a candidacy engineered by the right-wing state leadership), President Roosevelt would have lost New York state. Though many of these votes might have gone to him even if there had been no

ALP, it is clear that the gentlemen who have seized control of the Labor Party performed a very important service for reaction in short-circuiting a large sentiment for political independence and redirecting it toward the Democratic Party and its pro-war candidate. But while the right-wing toadies were permitted to do considerable wagging as the tail of Boss Flynn's crusade, they went down to defeat wherever they attempted to stand alone. It was the progressive wing of the ALP which succeeded in electing a Congressman and an assemblyman. The re-election of Rep. Vito Marcantonio was, in fact, of national significance and was one of the bright spots of the campaign. Marcantonio, the lone member of Congress who voted against the war appropriations, won both the ALP and Republican primaries and narrowly missed winning the Democratic designation. Despite a savage campaign against him by the ALP right-wingers, who supported the Tammany candidate, and by the entire commercial press, this outstanding fighter against war was returned with a majority of more than 10,000, as against a majority of about 6,500 two years ago. In Troy, the progressives elected to the assembly J. Eugene Zimmer.

In Minnesota the Farmer-Labor Party recovered some of the ground it lost to the Republicans in 1938, but not enough to elect its state and Congressional ticket. The Wisconsin Progressive Party likewise recovered lost ground, succeeded in re-electing Senator Robert M. La Follette, who has opposed the administration's foreign policy, and almost elected its candidate for governor.

The Communist Party.—Only one national political party clearly raised the real issues of peace, jobs, civil liberties. The Communist Party alone fought for the principles to which Willkie and Roosevelt gave lip-service. In this sense, as well as in the larger historical sense, this minority party voiced the interests and aspirations of the vast majority of the American people. And despite persecution and the widespread intimidation of voters, the Communist Party was the only national party other than the Republican which increased its vote both absolutely and relatively. Since the party was ruled off the ballot in no less than fifteen states by devices which Hitler and Mussolini have perfected, while its campaign was further handicapped by the harassment of its candidates and leaders in many parts of the country, this increased vote may not be registered in the final tabulations for its presidential and vice-presidential candidates. A more accurate index is the vote for the Congressional and state tickets which showed marked increases. And despite the difficulties of a write-in vote and the failure to record many such votes, it appears that in New York City the Communist write-in for Earl Browder topped the vote for Norman Thomas, who was on the ballot. The campaign the party conducted under difficulties such as no other party ever faced was nothing short of heroic, a magnificent expression of the best in the democratic tradition.

The outlook for the future.—Grave problems face the American people. The contract to the Ford Motor Co. and the new measures of greater involvement in the imperialist war are only a foretaste of what is to come. The American people voted, without knowing it, for what the Communists stand for; they will get what big business stands for unless they strike out boldly and unitedly in their own behalf. Now on all sides they are being assailed by a clamor for "national unity." The apostles of the new gospel are such people as Wendell Willkie; Herbert Hoover; Attorney General Jackson; Howard Coonley, president of the National Association of Manufacturers; Philip Reed, chairman of the board of General Electric; Secretary of the Navy Knox; Alfred Landon; Dorothy Thompson; Clarence Dykstra, national selective service director; and Mayor Frank Hague. Norman Thomas has added his tinhorn, declaring in a nationwide broadcast: "I wish Mr. Roosevelt all the success in the world in leading the people in that endeavor [keeping out of war and conquering poverty] and I hope that the shame of this campaign will soon be forgotten."

"UNITY"

What is the meaning of this kind of "national unity"? It means, first of all, that the capitalist class is closing ranks under the leadership of the most powerful Wall Street monopolies for the intensified pursuit of war and profits. This capitalist unity reflects itself politically in the obliteration of anything but insignificant differences between the Republican and Democratic Parties and in tendencies toward coalition government of which the pre-election appointment of two Republicans to cabinet posts may be only the beginning.

This kind of "national unity" means, secondly, the coordination of the labor movement and the entire American people behind the objectives of big business. This implies essentially fascist controls, with the banishment of strikes, the disintegration of living standards, and the suppression of civil liberties.

The chief vehicle of this unity for war and fascism is now more than ever the Roosevelt

administration. To some extent President Roosevelt performs in this country the function of Social Democracy in Europe. His close relations with the trade union bureaucracy of the AFL and the Hillman wing of the CIO, his skill at using pseudo-radical phrases to obscure reactionary designs, and the prestige that still clings to his name from the days when he pursued a more or less progressive course enable him to serve capitalism in crisis as no candid reactionary could. Immediately after the election the President let it be known that one of his first aims would be the achievement of labor unity. The kind of labor unity the administration has in mind is indicated in an article in the newspaper *PM* of November 7. With Sidney Hillman doing the wire-pulling, the administration plans provide for the dismemberment of the CIO unions, with various AFL unions helping themselves to tasty morsels. (See also Adam Lapin's article in this issue of *NEW MASSES*.)

But if the administration believes that by baiting the trap with fair words it can persuade the CIO to commit suicide and lure the American people into abandoning its liberties, it is undoubtedly in for a rude disappointment. National unity? Yes. But not the unity of death, not the unity of the slave and the master, of those who want peace and those who want war. Despite the confusion of this election campaign, the people demonstrated their power when they compelled both leading candidates to discuss the one issue which they had agreed in advance not to debate: war or peace for America. That power can decide this question in the coming months and thwart the conspiracy against America's peace.

THE CIO

The foundation of effective unity of the people for peace, democracy, and defense of living standards must be the CIO. Let us hope that the CIO convention which opens next Monday will reject the blandishments of Sidney Hillman and continue the kind of leadership which John L. Lewis has given in the past. A united militant CIO, reaching out toward the millions still unorganized, is the only basis for achieving a genuine unification of the entire trade union movement.

The Communist Party is another precious asset of the American people, and the election gains made by the party despite enormous difficulties are a heartening augury for the future. The narrowed Roosevelt plurality shows that the process of popular disillusionment with the President has already begun. The class struggle cannot be exorcised with incantations. As it unfolds in the coming months, FDR's betrayal of the people's mandate will become clearer to millions. The field will be ripe for a Farmer-Labor Party that can by 1944 become the party of the majority. It is not too soon to begin building this party.

Difficult days confront us, but also great opportunities. We who have seen their faces, faces of common folk all over the land, know the depths of the people's strength. It can move mountains. It can save peace.



Kelly

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Next Steps Abroad

THE American elections marked a turning point in international as well as domestic affairs. On the face of it, nothing seems to have changed: the same administration returns to office, the past policies are continued. And yet, a great deal has changed. Even though his plurality has been halved, even though the largest proportion of the people is as suspicious of him as ever, and perhaps because of this, the President returns to office with a new arrogance. He can be expected to accelerate the tempo of his preparations for war. We have reached the stage where the simple accumulation of measures "short of war" has qualitatively altered the character of American policy. One of our editors returning from Washington last week observed that in the capital people are no longer asking "whether we are going to war, but when?"

The President himself removes every doubt. With a studious effort to be casual, with the flick of the long cigarette holder he appoints himself the "rule of thumb man" and decrees that Britain and Canada shall henceforth receive 50 percent of all American war materials production. Last week, the President's town house on East 65th Street in New York was offered for rent and on the same day the British Purchasing Commission renewed a lease on its own quarters for three more years. One might say that their offices have become the new Roosevelt town house.

Yes, indeed, how far we have traveled by this one innocent word: defense! American warships hover around the French islands of Martinique and Guadeloupe. Tearing away the veil of the Havana agreement, they stand ready to seize these islands. Although the President pretends to know nothing about it, just as he knew nothing of the destroyer-base deal in August, it is announced from London that arrangements are completed whereby American ships will occupy Singapore and various Australian bases. A steady flow of men, munitions, and ships continues westward from Hawaii, and Manila has become a war-boom town. Down in Uruguay, it was disclosed two days after the elections that bases in the strategic River Plate region will be made available to the United States. With characteristic sanctimonious duplicity, the Latin American peoples are

assured that they will also be able to use these bases, although it is damn well understood that none of them has the forces to do so! Correspondent William Stoneman, just returned from London, floats the State Department's trial balloon by asking on the front page of the New York Post and the Chicago Daily News for November 8 whether we oughtn't enter the war right now. The policy of "defending America" by spread-eagling all over the globe inspires the courageous Chilean defense minister, Juvenal Hernandez, to declare: "The ceding of bases does not imply cooperation but submission."

JUDGING FROM CHURCHILL'S speech to the House of Commons on November 4, the British are being hard pressed. The devastation in England is far greater, as many correspondents admit, than we had been given to suppose. Slowly but surely it may undermine British productive vitality, and has already cost the lives of 15,000 civilians. The loss of some twenty ships in a convoy off Canada, which London reluctantly confirms, again emphasizes that British merchant marine losses are approaching the disastrous levels of February to April 1917. As our editorial in the last issue indicated, if the present rate of loss is maintained, the British face the decimation of their merchant fleet by more than a third in the next year. It is this which explains the orders for 120 vessels in American shipyards. This also explains the pressure from Britain that the neutrality laws be relaxed to permit American ships to sail the belligerent zones. Moreover, 700 years of British tyranny in Ireland now becomes a boomerang. The Irish government, fearful of the consequences at home, refuses to become involved in the war, and declines to yield the use of Irish naval bases from which British troops departed only two years ago. In the Mediterranean and off the coast of Africa, pressure on British sea communications becomes more intense. And if the war should develop past Gibraltar and spread through the Mediterranean with the cooperation of France, the far flung lines of sea communication, which were the basis of imperial strength for 300 years, will become a source of a hundred worries to the empire. Churchill is obviously bringing pressure on Roosevelt on the grounds that without American support the perspective for Britain is completely black. And thus Roosevelt is impelled, in harmony with the aspirations of American imperialism, to make further commitments on the road to war.

IN SUCH A SITUATION, British and American policy toward the Soviet Union becomes downright arrogance. Not only have the British refused to hand over assets belonging to the Latvian, Lithuanian, and Estonian peoples but they have compounded a felony by seizing twenty-four more ships belonging to the Soviet merchant marine on top of similar seizures last summer. When criticized in Parliament on the grounds that all this would only worsen relations with the Soviets, Richard

Austen Butler, the undersecretary for foreign affairs, cynically replied that just as the earlier ship seizures were being "discussed" with Moscow, so would the new ones. Nor can the Soviet government, it seems to us, be overly impressed with Washington's attendance at the embassy celebration of the October Revolution. For what are the facts of American policy? No embargo has yet been placed on American shipments of all sorts of material to Japan, nor an import embargo on Japanese goods. Nothing has been done for China that anywhere parallels assistance from the USSR. Mr. Welles' carefully publicized discussions with Oumansky will hardly impress anyone. They seem too much like sparring with Japan, rather than friendship for the USSR. On top of it all, some ten million dollars worth of machine tools built to Soviet specifications and therefore of no value to the United States still lie in crates on the Hoboken, N. J., pier.

If, as it seems, the war is being prolonged by the involvement of an entire hemisphere, it would not be surprising if the USSR took further measures to improve its own position and ensure its neutrality. This, in the absence of more information, seems the likeliest significance of Premier Molotov's visit to Berlin.

AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY is moving toward the denouement. The American people are caught in the dynamic of a situation which Wall Street and the Roosevelt administration created when the Neutrality Act was torpedoed just one year ago. In his pre-election speeches at Cleveland and in Brooklyn, the President disavowed any secret alliances and pledged that American boys would never be sent to foreign shores. *He must be held to this pledge. Every new measure of assistance to Britain must be counterposed to this pledge.* The great task before the American labor movement and the people generally is to refuse to accept the narrowing choices with which the administration confronts us. There is a vast sense of alarm among the masses, a suspicion that can readily ignite into overpowering action. A gang of cynical adventurers, intoxicated with the desperate hope of maintaining their system even at the cost of a century of warfare, are gambling with lives which are not theirs to gamble. *Our* lives are involved. It is on the deep yearning to stay at peace, and rebuild American democracy while at peace, that American policy must be based in the next critical months.

Military Communique

GREECE continued to take the headlines in the war news last week although German bombardments of England intensified greatly while the Royal Air Force consistently hammered at German industrial centers and claims to have chased Herr Hitler and his fellow-celebrants of the Beer Hall Putsch into the bombshelters. Late dispatches also reported General De Gaulle's conquest of a key city in French equatorial Africa. As for Greece: we have naturally taken the fulsome reports of Greek victories

with a grain of salt, but by last week it became clear that one prong of the Italian drive into the Macedonian mountains, operating from the Albanian base at Koritza, had been badly cut up by Greek mountain troops. Mussolini seems to have lost at least one crack Alpine battalion and suffered the capture of two generals. Perhaps the most revealing fact is the change in the Italian command, Gen. Ubaldo Soddu taking over the Greek operations.

On the other hand, Italy has complete control of the air. Her planes have hammered away at the major Greek cities, especially the vital ports of Patras and Pireaus. Civilian casualties are reported in the thousands. The mountain campaign is most difficult for the Italian army, and as our editorial last week surmised, the most important progress is being made southwards, across the Kalamas river and in the direction of Prevezza, the important coastal town. It is from this region that Italian troops may be expected to try to divide Greece in half and move northwards along the Thessalonian plains to Salonika. Meanwhile the British have occupied Crete and other Aegean islands, which gives them very strategic bases not only against Italian communications and the major bases on the Italian mainland but enables the British to protect their eastern Mediterranean position generally. There is no sign, however, of British support to Greece in manpower. London evidently wishes to avoid raising the false hopes of the Norwegian campaign.

It should always be recalled that the Greek invasion is only one facet of a larger pattern in which the Axis wishes to dominate Greek harbors and air bases in order to squeeze the British fleet out of the eastern Mediterranean and secure for themselves a safe transit to Syria. German troops are obviously being held in readiness for passage through the Vardar River valley of Yugoslavia in case the Italians are hopelessly bogged down or have reached the eve of victory. Against this perspective, the British can only fortify themselves on the Greek islands, and take over as much of Greek shipping as they can lay their hands on. Much depends on the internal political developments in Greece itself, which NEW MASSES expects to discuss in a forthcoming issue.

Liberty in Canada

STATISTICS of Canada's "war effort" are getting plenty of space in American newspapers, but the story of what happened to Canada's civil liberties has been almost completely censored. From indirect sources, NM learned last week of the case of Wilfred Ravenor, a bookshop owner in Vancouver, British Columbia, who was sentenced to one year in jail and fined \$200 for selling, among other merchandise, literature which was "likely to be prejudicial to the safety of the state." Among the exhibits the prosecution entered several of Dmitrov's speeches, Ralph Fox' essays, D. N. Pritt's

pamphlets in the Penguin editions, many of which, as the defense proved, were available in the university libraries and even in the library of Parliament. Some of Canada's most prominent educators testified in Ravenor's defense; three of them, professors at the University of British Columbia, admitted that some of the "dangerous" literature was to be found in their own homes. But the court handed down the conviction.

NM readers will remember Joseph Starobin's report early last summer of the arrest of Pat Sullivan, the Canadian Seamen's Union leader. Sullivan is still interned, and despite the protest of many labor unions and even conservatives, the government refuses him as much as a trial. Since June, in fact, three more seamen's leaders have been interned, among them Charles Murray, leader of the Nova Scotia fishermen's strike last winter, J. S. Chapman, and David Sinclair, a member of the Montreal Newspaper Guild and editor of the seamen's newspaper. Equally outrageous is the arrest of Dr. Samuel Levine, one of Canada's foremost young geophysicists. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police had detained two roomers in Dr. Levine's home, alleging that they were members of the illegal Communist Party Executive. Both of these men denied that Levine had any part in, or any knowledge of, their activities, but the young scientist has been fired from his Toronto University post and is being held for trial. Most ironical of all prosecutions is the internment of twenty-seven members of the International Brigade. They are German and Czech by origin, fought through the Spanish war, had been interned in England for several months, and again interned by the Canadian government while awaiting passage to Mexico.

Neville Chamberlain

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S whole career was devoted to the interests of Birmingham business, the foundation of the British empire. Chamberlain's policies were not at all a succession of blunders as the obituaries would have us believe. His policies were carefully reckoned by Britain's "best minds." They were intended to divert the force of German *revanche* against the outcome of the last world war by cooperating with German fascism against the German people, against the small nations of Europe, against the French working class and the Soviet Union. Chamberlain would have died a hero had the ruthless big-business men who rule Germany cooperated with him all the way. He would have been canonized a saint had the calm, cool workingmen of the Soviet Union been less vigilant of their responsibilities to international socialism.

Mr. Chamberlain did not try to save peace, and his policies were not at all dictated by the alleged weakness of British defenses. On the contrary, Chamberlain himself undermined every one of Britain's defenses by sacrificing and himself destroying every force for peace in Europe. He was as much

responsible for this war as Hitler. And all those who ever gave Chamberlain the slightest comfort share his responsibility. Chamberlain was not a traitor to the British ruling class but the most characteristic expression of their statesmanship in the era of imperialist decay. They supported him until his policies failed them whereupon they adopted alternative policies long prepared in advance, namely—war. Churchill differed from Chamberlain in that he feared the game would fail. But on taking over the chairmanship of the Tory Party recently, Churchill expressed his "comradeship of mutual trust and close identity of view" with Chamberlain and pledged himself to the maintenance of the "enduring greatness of Great Britain and her empire."

Neville Chamberlain suffered from an intestinal cancer, which destroyed him within six months after he was dropped from power. But a deeper cancer is wracking his whole civilization, a civilization which twice in one generation plunges the British people and the whole world into this phantasmagoria of blood and horror. It will take a major operation, *the surgery of the millions*, to save humanity from the ravages of Chamberlain's disease.

Red Letter Day

IN Moscow the tanks moved across the Red Square and the banners moved and the people moved. It was twenty-three years since the ten days that shook the world and the capitalist world was again shaking as socialism advanced. Millions throughout the Soviet land bespoke the power of triumphant socialism, pledged the continued neutrality of their country, and vowed to defend it against all enemies. And this year there were new participants, the peoples of five new Soviet republics who within the past twelve months had been snatched from the fires of imperialist war, transported from capitalist barbarism to socialist freedom and peace. This year too the Moscow celebration was in the nature of a welcome to two great leaders of the international working class, the Hungarian Communists, Mathias Rakosi and Zoltan Weinberger. Since 1925 they had been in the prisons of the fascist government of Hungary; now the strong arm of the USSR reached out and set them free.

And in Washington some 900 people gathered at the Soviet embassy, government officials and diplomats of high and low degree and bejeweled wives. Poker-faced Sumner Welles was there, and Jesse Jones, Texas banker now Secretary of Commerce, and Hjalmar J. Procope, the Finnish minister. And that too in its different way was a tribute to the power of the USSR. Last year most of these officials and diplomats boycotted the November 7 celebration. They had visions of isolating the Soviet Union and soon switching the war. This year they are tripping over each other in the popular game of courting Moscow.

A few days earlier, 20,000 people gathered at Madison Square Garden at the final Com-

munist election rally. And they proclaimed to their fellow-Americans the great truths that the salvation of humanity lies in socialism and that the hope for peace for America depends on collaboration with the Soviet Union and China. These truths are finding their way into the minds of millions in all countries. No Chamberlain diplomacy, no Roosevelt duplicity can circumvent them.

The "Nation" Hopes

THE inhuman malice of Attorney General Jackson's order to deport Mrs. Earl Browder has moved even some staunchly conservative papers to protest. An editorial in the *Washington Post*, for example, comments that Jackson's action "creates suspicion that the case is being used for political effect," and questions "the humanity of a proceeding that forces her [Mrs. Browder] to leave her husband and three sons . . ." Even the *New York Daily News* thinks "the government would best temper justice with mercy."

The only apology we have seen for Attorney General Jackson's action comes from the professedly liberal *Nation*. An editorial in the November 9 issue tries to make it appear that the attorney general was simply governed by the law—in this case the Smith Alien and Sedition Act. Besides, says the editorial, if Jackson had exercised his judgment and suspended deportation the matter would have to go to Congress and, in the *Nation's* own words, "the attorney general fears a row." The editors, however, "hope" that Mr. Jackson will permit voluntary departure so that Mrs. Browder may be permitted to reenter. This is pure evasion and it is as absurd as it is callous. In the first place, as the *Nation* must know, if Mrs. Browder left this country voluntarily she would not be permitted to reenter—otherwise, why is the administration so insistent upon deporting her? Furthermore, if the editors think that Mr. Jackson is helplessly following the law, will they explain why this particular order was issued only a few days before a national election in which Earl Browder was running for the presidency on the Communist ticket?

Whenever the *Nation* editors are confronted with an embarrassing situation they draw on their old "hope" chest.

Furriers' Victory

WHEN Ben Gold and ten other leaders of the International Fur and Leather Workers, CIO, were tried and convicted last spring for violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, the Department of Justice made no secret of its hatred for them. A corps of streamlined prosecutors was brought into the case, thousands of dollars were spent to frame Gold and his associates. Clearly the issue was political: with stoolpigeons, ex-convicts, employees, and police vilifying the defendants. The judge, William Bondy, openly vouchsafed his opinion that any conference to plan strike action might be construed as a conspiracy in restraint of trade.

This verdict has now been reversed by the

US Circuit Court of Appeals, whose chief justice, Learned Hand, attacks the Roosevelt-Jackson-Thurman Arnold persecution of trade unions at its core: "There can be no question that the accused intended to acquire a monopoly of the whole supply of the services rendered by the employees; that is indeed the object of all unions. But the court in the Apex case expressly declared that the Sherman act did not cover any restraint of competition in such services. . . ." Other parts of the opinion shattered the government's feeble case.

This victory for labor is heartening, but other battles remain to be fought. Furriers' Joint Council Chairman Irving Potash and three others are in jail pending appeal of their conviction for "obstructing justice" in the anti-trust suit. The Department of Justice has rejected petitions of thousands of workers and scores of liberals. Now over one hundred officials of CIO, AFL, and Railroad Brotherhood unions have again petitioned the President that these four be released on bail. Sentences also face twenty-six members of the AFL Teamsters Union convicted under the anti-trust laws, while other unions are likewise being prosecuted. The initial victory in the furriers' case needs to be followed up until this deliberate perversion of the anti-trust laws by the Roosevelt administration is halted.

Revolving Door

THE public has again been informed that Wendell Willkie is not bitter. But perhaps a lot of those who voted for him are, after hearing the man who repeatedly charged that President Roosevelt was leading the country to war and dictatorship declare in a nationwide broadcast: "We will support him with our best efforts for our country." And what was supposed to be a great crusade in behalf of pure and precious principles is now metamorphosed into: "Your function during the next four years is that of the loyal opposition."

In his radio address Willkie offered the Roosevelt administration the cooperation of the GOP while maintaining its identity as a wing of the big business war party. The function which the Republicans are to perform is, of course, of the greatest importance to capitalism; without this "loyal opposition" the people might awake to the fact that Willkie's pre-election charges were right. The Willkie speech was at the same time a clear intimation that the former head of Commonwealth & Southern intended to remain in the public eye and keep the leadership of the Republican Party in his hands.

Significant is the decision of Willkie and his associates to continue those organizations which were created as auxiliaries to the regular Republican machine, the Associated Willkie Clubs of America, and the Democrats-for-Willkie. This was given an advance blessing by no less a tory than David Lawrence, who urged that these organizations be maintained in order to "insure the kind of men on the Republican ticket who will attract large portions of the Democratic vote" (*New York Sun*, November 8). A similar decision has

been made in regard to the Norris-LaGuardia committee of so-called independent progressives who supported Roosevelt. In this way reaction is trying to make certain that the millions who are feeling their way toward genuine independence of the two major capitalist parties will be kept shuttling through a revolving door, the Willkie groups luring the disillusioned Democrats, and the Norris-LaGuardia group the disillusioned Republicans. The way out of this revolving door is clear: a national Farmer-Labor Party.

Hyde Park History

THE common sense and experience of the American people have taught the majority of them that the first world war was a fraud. The Nye committee, the earlier Graham committee and other investigators have documented that fraud. By branding as unpatriotic those who question the character of the last conflict, President Roosevelt in his speech at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier not only heaped abuse on the majority of Americans and on committees of Congress, but also sought to justify our participation in the second imperialist war. We do not recall any other occasion since he took office on which the President has so ardently defended the bloody catastrophe which Woodrow Wilson himself described as "a commercial and industrial war." That is hardly an omen of peace.

The President also decided to play amateur historian, covering in a few brief paragraphs the entire history of democracy from the days of ancient Greece to the present. It will come as a surprise to many American schoolboys that "The Americas and the British Isles led the world in spreading the gospel of democracy among peoples great and small." They have been under the impression that this country had to fight the British Isles—or, to put it less euphemistically, the British empire—to establish democracy on this continent. And these same schoolboys may wonder, too, why in the President's thumbnail history of democracy there is no mention of an event which is rumored to have had some slight connection with the subject—the French Revolution. Can it be that these "corrections" of history also serve the purpose of justifying the present war and American participation in it?

Twenty-two years ago, on the first Armistice Day, Woodrow Wilson delivered a message to Congress in which he said:

The great nations which associated themselves to destroy it [German militarism] have now definitely united in the common purpose to set up such a peace as will satisfy the longing of the whole world for disinterested justice, embodied in settlements which are based upon something much better and much more lasting than the selfish competitive interests of powerful states.

Twenty-two years of post-war history prove these words a lie. Must we wait another twenty-two years to learn the same about the words of Wilson's successor?

Readers' Forum

Hemingway's Book

TO NEW MASSES: Alvah Bessie's review of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* is a valuable, in some respects a brilliant piece of work. His political clarity, I think, pleased me most of all. It is very difficult to take a book like Hemingway's, which speaks a little on one side and a little on the other, which veers between speculation and conviction, inference and flat statement, fiction and reporting, and analyze it accurately as a whole. And I suspect that there will be many dissenters to Mr. Bessie's review. For almost every major point he makes someone can find a sentence or even a paragraph in *The Bell* to refute him. The fact still remains, however, that the NEW MASSES reviewer has given what seems to me by far the best total picture of the book's effect in terms of political and social content.

For all that, I should like very much to see Mr. Bessie write a postscript or two to his review, explaining more fully a few debatable points. These points come up in discussions of the book. I myself feel that he has not sufficiently buttressed a few of his statements. Take, for example, the sentence "With minor exceptions the Spanish people portrayed here are cruel, vindictive, brutalized, irresponsible." There is evidence, to be sure, to support this statement. But there is also evidence against it. I certainly should not apply the adjective "brutalized" to Pilar, El Sordo, or Anselmo, three of the chief characters. And Robert Jordan's reflections on the Spanish people he knows or has known would not cause the reader to feel that those people have been brutalized. I wish that Mr. Bessie would clarify his remark on this point. I also wish that he had not been quite so unequivocal in saying that Hemingway treats the Spanish war, essentially, just as he treated the World War in *A Farewell to Arms*. There are, in *The Bell*, a number of passages which show an awareness on the part of Hemingway's hero that the loyalist cause has world significance in a sense that contrasts completely with the "democratic cause" in the first world war.

In short, I think that your reviewer should have used more space for his comment. The book is so controversial, it has stirred up such a lot of argument—and argument about a book on the Spanish war, which is even more significant in retrospect than many of us realized at the time, is an extremely important matter. That is why Mr. Bessie should leave no weak links in his own analysis which might give the Edmund Wilsons an advantage. Incidentally, I was amused to see that gentleman indulging in a sort of hysteria of political joy over Hemingway's "return" to skepticism and what Mr. Wilson regards as withdrawal from all causes, including the loyalists'.

HILDA BURNS.

Chicago, Ill.

NLRB Chairman?

TO NEW MASSES: Politics continues to make strange bedfellows.

The CIO people who supported Roosevelt presumably felt it was to the interest of the CIO to win his reelection.

The CIO elements who opposed the President felt the opposite. One of their arguments was that Roosevelt's failure to name a chairman of the National Labor Relations Board was owing to his desire to appoint a man of the same viewpoint as Board member Leiserson, whose position has been regarded by all in the CIO as being disposed to favor the AFL at CIO expense, in practice if not in theory. The President did not fill the vacancy before the elections, the anti-Roosevelt people felt, because if he appointed a chairman of Leiserson's viewpoint then, such a "hostile act" would make it difficult for him to hold any CIO support.

Now the New York Times reports that Dr. Harry A. Millis, labor conciliator of General Motors, is to be named chairman of the NLRB, and that "Dr. Leiserson is expected to work with Dr. Millis in reorganization of the [National Labor Relations] Board." This will undoubtedly be chalked up as Item No. 1 in the "I-told-you-so" score of the CIO elements who opposed Roosevelt's reelection.

At the same time we have on view the strange-bedfellow spectacle of the pro-Roosevelt CIO elements intensifying their hue and cry against the anti-Roosevelt CIO people precisely at the moment that Roosevelt is reported about to make an appointment that most of the pro-Roosevelt CIO groups could regard only as inimical to the CIO as a whole.

ALEXANDER TAYLOR.

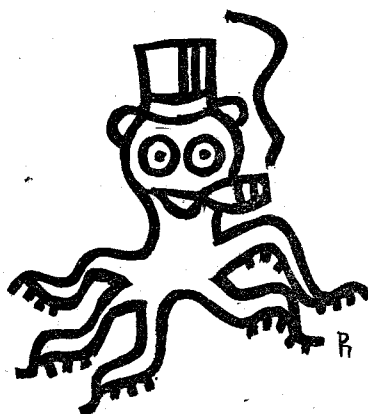
New York.

"National Emergencies"

TO NEW MASSES: On the pretext that a "national emergency" exists, government officials throughout the country are increasingly withholding from their political opponents, notably the leaders of the Communist Party, the guarantees of freedom of speech, of the press, and of assembly, and immunity from unreasonable search and seizure of property provided by the Constitution.

In a famous case (*Ex Parte Milligan*) involving the denial of the right of habeas corpus during the Civil War, the Supreme Court expressly forbade such exceptions. The Court declared: "The Constitution of the United States is a law for rulers and people *equally in war and in peace*, and covers with the shield of its protection *all classes of men at all times and under all circumstances*."

Article 48 of the Weimar Constitution of the German Republic permitted the executive to assume greatly increased powers during periods of national emergency. As a result, Brüning, von Papen, Hindenburg and others were able through the alleged existence of an emergency virtually to suspend the Constitution, and ultimately to destroy German democracy and prepare the way for Nazi government by decree.



Rodney

No crisis, however grave, can justify administrative encroachments upon the fundamental law of the United States, the Bill of Rights. Yet in state after state, the right of minority groups to think and speak as they choose, to communicate to others what they believe to be the truth, to meet and organize and petition their elected representatives for a redress of grievances—that right is being denied. Our war-minded government would do well to heed the warning of the Supreme Court in the case already mentioned: "A country preserved at the sacrifice of all the cardinal principles of liberty is not worth the cost of preservation."

T. B.

Washington, D. C.

Somewhere Else in France

TO NEW MASSES: Ilya Ehrenbourg's article of November 12 shows the French sell-out being prepared. The French bourgeoisie waited in happy expectancy for the arrival of Hitler; how far they went to meet him, later, may be judged from this piece of information, contained in a letter smuggled out of France by an ex-member of the French air force. He had better be nameless, as he is at present in Paris; and I shall summarize his information, for direct quotation is too likely to betray his identity.

The pilots of the French air force, he writes, were sent up day after day while Hitler was advancing on Paris; but sent up without ammunition, and with the orders that anyone who fired on Germans would be executed. . . . After the surrender of Paris, moreover, a new job was found for them; they were forced to use their planes to deliver cases of ammunition to the Germans. They were ordered to be very careful of their planes, as Germany would need them when she took over.

Such evidence of the completeness of the French government's sell-out may not be surprising in the light of our knowledge of France's infamous Two Hundred Families; nevertheless, it is still shocking.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

New York City.

Oklahoma Prisoners

TO NEW MASSES: One man stood trial in Oklahoma City on charges of criminal syndicalism; a second faces similar charges next week. The sentence imposed upon Robert Wood is ten years and \$5,000 fine. "Evidence" consisted solely of material from books and leaflets. Eight persons have been confined in the jail in Oklahoma City since August 17. Three have been released on bail.

The International Labor Defense has conducted the defense of all eight, sending attorney Bentall from Chicago to assist local attorneys. The case of Robert Wood will soon be appealed. Now the ILD is faced with mounting costs entailed by the defense. Expenses for the court records must be met; a constant communication by telephone maintained with the local defense committee; monthly relief must be continued for families of the prisoners. Most urgent of all is the need for money to meet the cost in connection with raising bail to free those languishing behind bars.

The International Labor Defense is appealing to readers of NEW MASSES for support to conduct the Oklahoma City cases. Funds should be rushed at once to Room 504, 112 East 19th St., New York City.

HESTER G. HUNTINGTON.

New York.

Our Unhappy Northern Neighbor

Joseph Starobin discusses John MacCormac's book on Canadian-American relations. Samuel Putnam's review of V. J. Jerome's pamphlet: "Intellectuals and the War."

CANADA: AMERICA'S PROBLEM, by John MacCormac. Viking Press. \$2.75.

MR. MACCORMAC's intention is twofold: first to acquaint the American public with something of Canada's history, its politics, resources, and problems. Second, his volume is an appraisal of Canadian-American relations, which he approaches by way of a judgment of the European war: "Britain is fighting a losing fight," in his opinion, "even if she is winning the war. Nothing but an overwhelming defeat could be more embarrassing to her than a shattering victory. She would not know what to do with the pieces. An atomized Europe might end Hitler but would not stop Stalin. A strong Germany under conservative leadership might stop Stalin but could not long be denied hegemony over Europe." From which MacCormac draws the corollary that "while Canada remains British she makes isolation impossible for the United States. For if Canada's effect on the United States is to draw the United States into European affairs, her effect upon England is to detach England from them." Thus, the author advises that we Americans must not only enter the war via Canada, but through Canadian-American cooperation must emerge an English-speaking Union. The British Isles are to be defended from this side of the Atlantic ocean and Canada becomes the heart of a new empire, under the wing of the Spread Eagle. All this was elaborated in MacCormac's mind just before the French collapse, and is further developed in the fifth printing of this book. He has, therefore, had the satisfaction of observing the trend of American policy in the very direction he advised.

At least two things must be said about such a thesis. First, an English-speaking Union is not a technique for maintaining world peace or abandoning Europe. It is, as our very keen author would admit, an instrument for extending and consolidating imperialism against the colonial and non-Anglo-Saxon peoples, simultaneously intervening in Europe to "do something with the pieces," that is, to suppress the inevitable emergence of the socialist revolution in western and middle Europe. Therefore, so far from ushering in a new era of democratic peace, it would be an ominous affair for the English-speaking world today and a bloody reactionary affair for the rest of the world tomorrow. Secondly, such an Anglo-American Union, of which Canada would be the lynchpin, would admittedly represent the victory and hegemony of American imperialism over its partners. So far from being a cooperation of democratic equals, it

would be the subjugation of all peoples, the American included, to the rule of American monopoly. MacCormac himself admits that this rule was achieved during and after the last war by the twelve hundred American manufacturers who dominate one-third of Canadian economy today; will not this rule be doubly extended by tomorrow? The question then arises: is this the only alternative? Would it be the best thing for the American, not to mention other peoples, that the rulers of American life inherit the British position in world affairs? Can't we order our lives so that the people who are sitting on our backs don't force us to sit on the backs of others? so that the peoples of Canada exploit their own resources, increase their own standard of living—for themselves?

There is such a way, of course, but Mr. MacCormac with no conception of *class reality*, either in this country or in his own, cannot be expected to see it. Or else, does not want to see it. And this is the most vulnerable aspect of an otherwise ambitious volume.

On other matters *Canada: America's Problem* is equally provocative. Most Americans will learn for this first time that the persistent *motif* in Canadian-American relations has been the threat from this side the border to annex Canada—after the Revolution, in 1812, in the "fifty-four-forty or fight" episode, the Fenian raids after the civil war. President Grant thought Canada should be annexed "if she is amiable or if she is troublesome and ungracious." Secretary of State Olney in 1895 considered any permanent British encampment in this hemisphere "unnatural and inexpedient," and it was Canadian fear of the United States which wrecked the 1911 Reciprocity Treaty. Fruitful also is MacCormac's discussion of Canadian policy in the empire—the Chamberlainism of Mackenzie King—but his treatment of Canadian parties and politics omits the Canadian Communists, proportionately stronger in their country than the American Communists. His discussion of the labor movement is fragmentary; there is also very little on the upsurge of populist feeling in Canada after the last war: the general strike in Winnipeg, and its repercussions in the third party movements among the prairie farmers. The chapter on French Canada is informative; here is one of the hemisphere's most interesting phenomena: bilingualism, the hold of the Church, the distinct "problem within a problem" which is French Canada.

MacCormac describes with detail and vigor the great wealth in Canadian soil. Canada is really one of the world's unexplored frontiers, and what capitalism has done with it since

1867 is evidence enough of its decadence. I cannot agree with the author's pessimistic conclusions for the future of Canadian agriculture which he sees limited by the vicissitude of world markets and the mechanization of the land. It never occurs to him to consider by contrast what the Soviets have done in the face of the same world market, a growing farm population precisely because of the different social relations which have controlled mechanization.

But this volume is worth reading despite all the necessary corrections of the author's narrow horizons. It is a vigorous writing job, valuable for its historical treatment and its frequently keen perceptions of Canadian policy. It has much to offer to the American reader whose knowledge of Canada is unequal to its growing importance in world affairs.

JOSEPH STAROBIN.

Fearing's Poems

COLLECTED POEMS OF KENNETH FEARING. Random House. \$2.00.

THE unveiling of the *Collected Poems* of Kenneth Fearing comes as a sad ceremony to the younger militant poets who regarded Mr. Fearing as the poet who best caught the mood and tempo of their time up to September 1939. In poems like "AD," "Program," and in "Portrait(2)," in lines like "Quickly, for time is swift and it is late, late, later than you think," which appeared in *Dead Reckoning* (1935-1938), Mr. Fearing reached a point of immediacy, a pitch of intensity which no other poet of the time attained and beyond which he himself could not go or refused to go. His new poems included in this volume under the title of *New Agency* do not progress beyond the technique achieved then. Being static they do not equal the power and immediacy of his earlier work. They reflect with painful intensity the confusion and pessimism of an ironic insight undirected by political foresight.

Lines like "This is not the first time, nor will it be the last time the world has gone to hell," in "A la Carte," and the last lines of the "Net," "Certain that each is forever doomed and lost, and there where he lies is forever damned, and damned, and damned, and damned," plumb the depths of despair and, incidentally, deny the empty optimism of the "Pact" earlier in the new poems; they are a surrender and a contribution to the propaganda of the press and radio, to their deliberately cultivated fatalism designed to rob the people of the spirit of resistance against the

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IN THE

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JULIUS OCHS ADLER

An Expose of the Manager of the

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by

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fascist offensive. They constitute a cancellation of his identification with the progressive forces among the people.

It may seem harsh and ungrateful to push aside a poet whose contributions were lately so highly valued and doubtless sincere. (Certainly, Mr. Fearing cannot be classed with the thin-blooded, bloodthirsty MacLeishes and Mumfords. He fell rather than jumped from the express and it is to be hoped that to climb on again will not require "adjustments perhaps too fantastic, too terrible to make.") But the people owe no debts of gratitude for sympathies rendered. It is the writers who have gained in every conceivable manner from the contact. In the crisis today it is a major part of the writer's responsibility to understand and master rather than to be demoralized by the complex issues that confront the people. He must never, either by confusion or surrender, cast his weight for the thousand years of blood and sweat and tears proclaimed by Hitler, promised by Churchill, and guaranteed by Wall Street.

The bulk of the *Collected Poems* consists of Fearing's earlier, still exciting, very readable work, but the new poems cast a long cold shadow.

ALEXANDER F. BERGMAN.

Jerome's New Pamphlet

INTELLECTUALS AND THE WAR, by V. J. Jerome.
Workers Library Publishers. 10 cents.

THIS brilliant essay in pamphlet form by one of the outstanding American Marxists comes at a time when it is greatly needed. In its timeliness, indeed, and in the thoroughness and finish with which its task is performed, it may take its place with certain of the classics of Marxist-Leninist literature which were likewise inspired by the exigencies of the moment.

When a discussion, a controversy, reaches a certain point, there comes a time always when the polemic must be halted and we must get down to Marxian bedrock, the dialectical bases. Samuel Sillen with his scholarly articles in the *New Masses* and Mike Gold with his feeling for literature and for the great American people's tradition have made fine and indispensable contributions; but beyond this there is need of that "objectivity of observation (not examples . . . but the thing itself)" of which Lenin speaks, and this is what Jerome gives us in his *Intellectuals and the War*.

Why it is that the intellectual has frequently turned out to be so unstable, so wavering an element in the social struggle? For the author shows us that the summer soldier—"capital's critic in calm and its shield in stress"—is no new phenomenon among the men of letters and their kind. Jerome cites and discusses the examples of Dryden, Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and others, setting over against their renegacy the splendid firmness of a Milton. He then goes behind the examples by giving us "The Anatomy

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of the Intellectual in Capitalist Society." He finds that the intellectual is "neither a class nor a social layer of homogeneous class composition," but "rather, a unique stratum built up of members from various classes and social ranks, predominantly from the petty bourgeoisie, dependent economically on the ruling class." The intellectual is accordingly inclined to display that characteristic quality of the petty bourgeois: vacillation in times of social crisis.

Such a crisis was the first imperialist war, and the author reviews the sorry performance of the vast majority of intellectuals in 1917, including the Social Democratic traitors, the cowardly, cringing Max Eastman, *et al.*, as contrasted with the courage and the staunchness of John Reed and Randolph Bourne.

Among the most important sections of this essay, from a theoretical and a practical point of view, is the one dealing with the relation of the intellectual to the working class movement. Anti-intellectualism is here shown to be a grave danger, and any such attitude is hostile to the workers and their struggle. Finally, in the concluding section ("Values Revalued"), the author depicts that process of making himself over—"the transvaluation of intellectual values, the reconstruction of intelligence"—which every intellectual must undergo, if he would truly align himself with the ascending social class. A particularly important point is that the intellectual's old equipment is "not mechanically transferable to the new cause"; new forms of thought and methods of work must be mastered.

The essay throughout is written with a right Marxian fire and passion. Never over-eloquent or rhetorical, it rises at times (as in the description of "civilization as we know it," p. 59), to heights of true poetry.

SAMUEL PUTNAM.

Sights & Sounds

"World in Flames"

A review and a general discussion of newsreels.

I READ in the movie pages that President Roosevelt and Wendell Willkie, in a demonstration of solidarity before the elections, endorsed Paramount's collection of newsreels of the last ten years, *World in Flames*. This is a tribute to Paramount's publicity department and at the same time an indication that the commentary accompanying *World in Flames* is the line of talk both candidates were handing out before their last-minute scurry to corral the peace vote. As a matter of fact, Willkie and Roosevelt probably embarrassed Paramount News by talking of keeping us out of war at a time when Paramount News had just put out a picture urging us to get in. Things change too fast for a simple newsreel

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company. Several months ago the State Department was going around asking the Soviet Union to knock a chip off its shoulder, and now, for reasons of its own which have been analyzed in other sections of this magazine, it is pretending to have changed its mind, so the cuts at the USSR in *World in Flames* are out-of-date.

In 1929, which is when *World in Flames* begins, everything was hunky-dory; stocks were sky-high and well-dressed women were doing the Charleston all over the world except in the land of the Soviets, "where under the shadow of dictatorship millions were on the verge of starvation." Nothing is seen of the USSR after that till the war in Finland, when Paramount shows us again its well-known shot of the defeat of the Red Army, four abandoned trucks on an Arctic road. We fight the war over again with Paramount News, and have no trouble recalling the hysteria which seized American organs of propaganda at the time. The State Department, on the other hand, does not like to revive old memories.

I am told that parts of *World in Flames* were not shown when they were taken because they would have offended Hitler and Mussolini before they were well enough armed to resent it. This may not be true. Surely no newsreel company before 1940 went to the trouble of compiling a feature-length picture about fascism, and I remember that the German invasion of Austria got comparatively little footage because it coincided with the opening of the dog show. The newsreels to this day have the attitude of tabloid newspapers in the 1920s, namely, that there is enough unpleasantness in life without adding anything unpleasant unless it has a sex angle. If a newsreel editor has the choice of a shot of steel strikers being massacred from behind and an exacting camera study of a blonde in a one-piece bathing suit, he will soothe the public temper with the blonde in the bathing suit. Come to think of it, Paramount has never made a feature picture about industrial warfare in the United States. It could include that Paramount clip on the Memorial Day massacre which was not shown in many cities because it would have tended—so it was said—to incite a riot.

Even such a picture would not be satisfactory because of the nature of newsreels. A newsreel can show a pitched battle between strikers and scabs but it can't show the conditions in the plant which brought on the strike. So far as I know, no newsreel cameraman has photographed an employer refusing to bargain. The same occupational myopia is evident throughout *World in Flames*. To prove that unrest existed in 1934, Paramount shows you "riots" in San Francisco and Paris. Paramount does not put riots in quotes. You see Hitler marching into one country after another but you don't see him arranging the great Bank of England loan which paid for the German Army's uniforms and guns. You see Hitler marching into Czechoslovakia and the next minute you see Molotov signing a non-aggression pact with von Ribbentrop, and the

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second world war starts. The result is history seen through a haze of newspaper headlines. Here is how *World in Flames* treats the fascist invasion of Spain: a shot of dictator Primo de Rivera, a shot of Madrid being bombed by airplanes, a shot of arms being unloaded from the Soviet Union, and a shot of refugees crossing the French border. I think history will pause a while longer on the war in Spain.

Most of the picture is made up of familiar scenes since September 1939, and the time saved on the invasion of Spain is devoted to the invasion of Norway. The lesson of Norway, says the commentator in a direful tone, is that Norway prepared TOO LATE. Then there are long sequences on the British retreats from Norway and Dunkirk, which remain as heroic accomplishments of men who have been betrayed. These shots of unarmed, exhausted, determined men returning home are among the best newsreel scenes ever taken.

The shots of populations being bombed are heart-rending. There is one magnificent view of Mussolini accepting applause, which Jack Oakie must have studied, and another of Neville Chamberlain giving a speech after Munich with a proud gleam in his eye. Unfortunately, everything is subordinated to a higher purpose, which becomes apparent in the closing minutes when the commentator announces that America is going to answer the dictators with approximately ten guns to their one, to the accompaniment of martial music and pictures of flying fortresses winging their way serenely in an easterly direction. Since the clips in *World in Flames*, like all newsreels, appear to have been taken from the pitching deck of a battleship, you are not only left with a distorted idea of recent history but with a splitting headache.

It is made worse by Paramount's catalogue of America's war aims. "And so, not for aggression but for peace . . ." says the commentator as an infantry division marches past on the screen, America will fight for the Bill of Rights, with one addition not contemplated by the founding fathers—free speech, free thought, a free press and a free newsreel. If the newsreel industry is going to envelop itself in the same aura as the publishing industry, I quit. Everybody knows how terrible the press is. Newsreels are worse. If you don't want to read about the newest coiffure on the women's page you can turn quickly to the comics, but in *News of the Day*, when Adelaide Hawley describes the new patriotic hair-dos in that insinuating voice of hers, you have to suffer through it unless you want to miss the feature. The comics in the same reel are represented by Lew Lehr, whose gay comments on the Spanish war will be remembered. The war has almost done away with grandma beauty contests, San Diego poppy festivals, sweepstakes winners, and twin conventions, and I never thought I'd miss them. But after twelve months of the Queen of England, who for some reason is considered by newsreel editors as a more compelling screen personality than Bette Lombard, I wouldn't mind a good stakes winner for a change. At the start

of the war there was a good deal of footage sent over by Germany, which was the only belligerent to allow photographers within two hundred miles of the front. Instead of sending photographers of their own to the front, the devious British, in some way which I have not been able to follow, got the American newsreel editors to eliminate German footage from their reels entirely. All that was left were shots of Queen Elizabeth chatting graciously with her poverty-stricken subjects. For national news there are two clips in each reel dealing with national defense. This being the presidential as well as the football season, that does not leave room for anything else but Lew Lehr. If there is any more talk about freedom of the newsreel, I'm going to stay home and listen to that old Shakespearean, H. V. Kaltenborn, and find out what's happening in the world by consulting my magic mirror.

DANIEL TODD.

New Friends of Music

Mordecai Bauman featured in opening program.

THE New Friends of Music began the 1940 season with a new policy. In the past this vigorous organization depended on attracting customers via the classic repertoire. Discovering that music did not come to a dead halt after Brahms, they are featuring many contemporary composers for their coming concerts. A noteworthy start was made in this direction when Mordecai Bauman sang a group of six songs by the unjustly neglected American composer Charles Ives. Ives, a native of Connecticut, is a prolific composer whose name appears too infrequently on concert programs. This may be due in part to the exceptionally difficult technical demands placed on the performer by his works, but probably much more to the mundane fact that the avenues of distribution to works by American contemporary composers are virtually non-existent.

Certainly the six little songs that were presented could give only a slight inkling into the characteristics of the composer whose total creative output is enormous. But they were enough to reveal a very positive talent, a man deserving to be heard carefully and often. The musical settings to the songs alternated between prankishness, romanticism, dramatic sweep, and moments of simple lyrical beauty. Ives has succeeded in injecting the patterns of American folk music into his complicated structure. The echoes of the cowboy refrain, jazz, the revival meeting are neatly interwoven into a very flexible and dissonant tonal framework. This hybrid produces an original and stimulating form. The result is perhaps one of the few truly authentic American art forms.

Mr. Bauman approached this music with his customary intelligence and skill. Easily overcoming the technical difficulties of rhythm and intonation, he reserved his energies for capturing the mood of each song. In this he

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succeeded notably. Outside of using one voice color for such contrasting songs as the cowboy song "Charles Rutlage" and "Evening" (a setting to some lines from Milton's *Paradise Lost*) and that he was unable to muster sufficient vocal power for the revivalistic "General Booth Enters Heaven," Bauman was a consistently first rate interpreter, musically and dramatically. Milton Kaye in his role as piano accompanist was a model of support, clarity and blend.

The program concluded with the Schoenberg "Verklarte Nacht" sextette. This was written in the days before Schoenberg was bitten by the atonal bug, and when he was strongly under the influence of Wagner. Whenever the music sounds like Wagner, it is fine. But when he departs on his own, it just sounds neurotic. Give me Ives any time.

LOU COOPER.

Kaufman-Hart Play

IN THEIR new comedy (at the Lyceum) Kaufman and Hart offer a familiar *New Yorker* cartoon in three acts. A situation rather than a play, it has been spun thin as a clothes line and hung with a colorful wash of gags: something borrowed, something blue, something old, and something that will always send laughter tinkling through the drawing rooms of Westchester.

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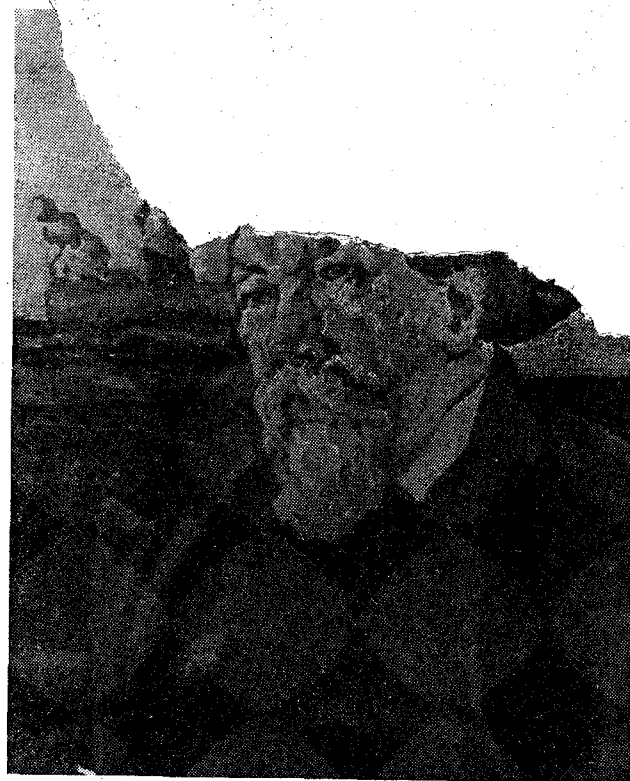
The actors are uniformly expert. They take the ancient structure of *George Washington Slept Here*, and like Mrs. Fuller with her crumbling house, dress it up fit to kill.

G. D.

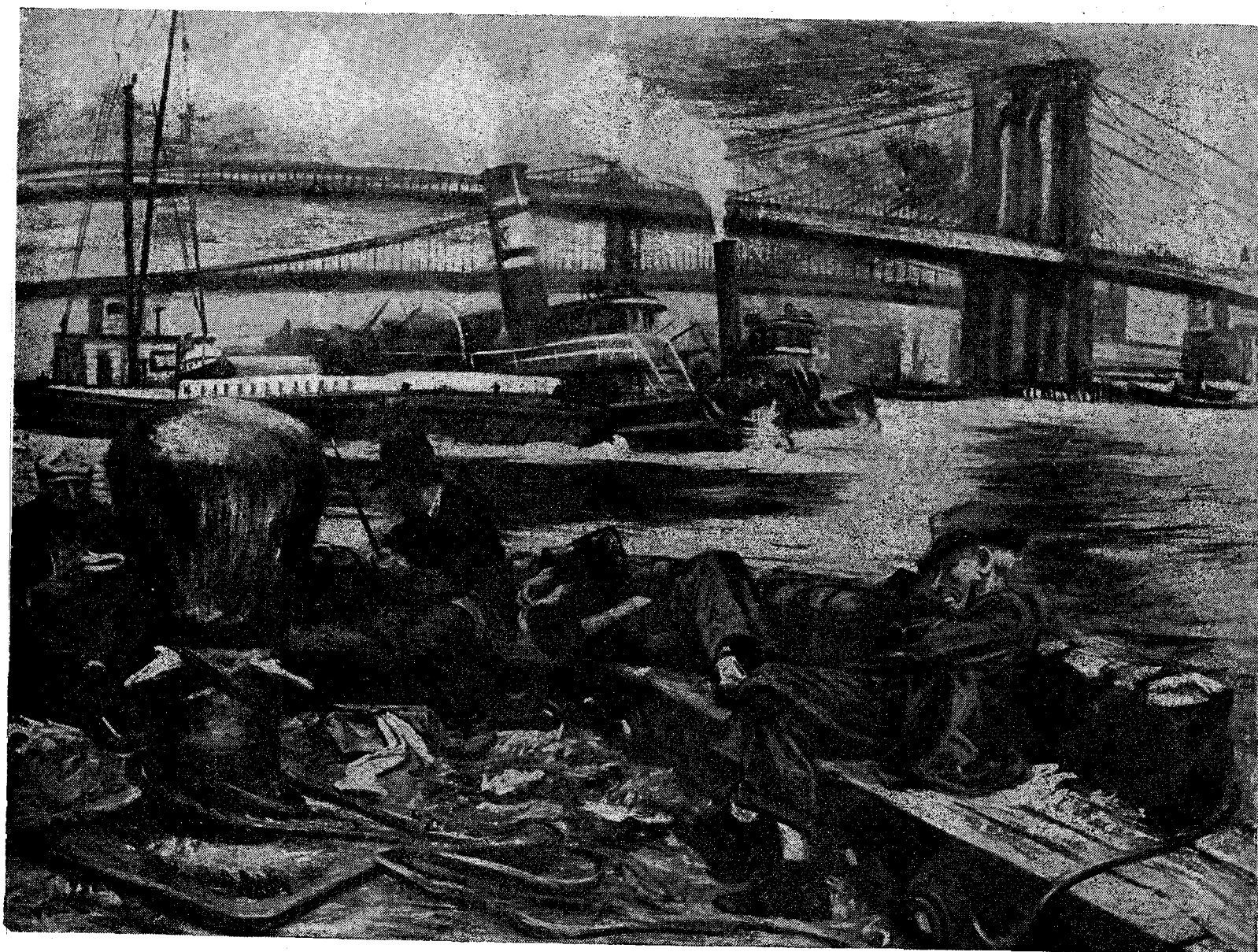




BOMBING CIVILIAN POPULATION. *A plaque by David Smith. On exhibition at the Willard Gallery, New York City.*



IPPOLITOV IVANOV, composer of "The Caucasian Sketches." *Painted from life by F. Horowitz during the artist's visit to the Soviet Union. Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo, N. Y.*



MAN POWER. *Painted by Joe Jones. Currently exhibited at the ACA Gallery, New York City.*

... refugees were
 photographed in a concentration
 camp in Southern France. Crude,
 cave-like shelters provide homes for
 more than 150,000 refugees from
 Spain. Brave men and women. Chil-
 dren. Mutilated. Torn from their
 families, loved ones gone forever.



Our neighbor Republic, south of the Rio Grande, is now officially open for many thousands of Spanish refugees. And other Latin American countries have agreed to add new lustre to their democratic heritage. The Vichy Government has officially agreed to give up the Spanish refugees. The only problem to be solved is money—*enough and quickly*—to send a transport ship on its initial voyage of mercy.

Death warrants await these unfortunates in Franco terror-ridden Spain. Berlin waits to countersign. Both hate the Spanish Republicans—and well they might. For these stout-hearted Spanish Republicans and International Volunteers from Poland, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Germany, Palestine and Italy, held off the combined might of Franco, Hitler and Mussolini.

They want to return to Spain. One day, justice prevailing, they will. . . . Today they are enmeshed in a steel net.

Franco looms across the Pyrenees. Danger threatens from across the German occupied zone of France. . . .

For almost two years the Spanish refugees have shivered and hungered in frightful camps ringed with barbed wire—but still have not lost hope. They fought too hard and too long. Their very flight from Franco is a living affirmation of their faith in democracy, and of the ultimate emergence of a *free, democratic Spanish Republic*.

The ship is available. The problem now is funds. *Immediately*, \$50,000 is required for a cash clearance deposit on a large transport ship now in an American port. A balance of \$250,000 is required in the next three weeks to guarantee this initial voyage and subsequent voyages.

This great Pan-American project for humanity and democracy *must* go through. Will you help rescue these brave defenders who for three years held off the Fascist assault against the bastion of world democracy! America *can* substitute for blackness and death—sunshine—new hope—new homes and precious freedom.

HELP CAST THE HAWSERS OFF THE FIRST AMERICAN RESCUE SHIP!

PITY IS NOT ENOUGH—INVEST IN DEMOCRACY!

AMERICAN RESCUE SHIP MISSION FROM MARSEILLES TO VERA CRUZ

Administered by: United American Spanish Aid Committee, 200 Fifth Ave., New York City

Endorsed by: Louis Bromfield
 Helen Keller

Lion Feuchtwanger
 Dorothy Parker

Dean Christian Gauss
 Mrs. Vincent Sheean



HERE IS MY CONTRIBUTION

of \$_____ to the first American Rescue Ship Mission
 which will make possible many more voyages to rescue these
 unfortunate victims of Fascist oppression

Please send me further information on the splendid humanitarian
 work you are doing.

Make your check payable to the AMERICAN RESCUE SHIP
 MISSION, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City, Suite 810,
 GRamercy 5-7607. If cash contribution, wrap carefully in this
 advertisement.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

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